

LOS ANGELES GRAPHIC

Central Ave Branch Lib
2707 Central Ave

VOL. XLIX--No. 11

LOS ANGELES, FEBRUARY 12, 1916

PRICE TEN CENTS

PUBLISHER'S NOTICE—The Graphic is published every Saturday at Los Angeles, Cal. The subscription price is \$2.50 a year; six months, \$1.40; three months, 75 cents, payable in advance; single copies, 10 cents. Sample copies free on application. News dealers and agents in the interior supplied direct from The Graphic office. Subscribers wishing their address changed should give their old as well as their new location. Checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., should be made payable to The Graphic. Address: Publication Office: 114 E. Fourth St. Telephone: Home A 4482. Entered as second-class matter May 23, 1914, at the postoffice at Los Angeles, California, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF CRITICAL COMMENT

TWENTY-FOURTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

SAMUEL TRAVERS CLOVER Editor

TAX RATE HERE AND ELSEWHERE

COMPARISONS are said to be odorous. They are, occasionally. In the attempt to prove that the taxes in Los Angeles are not unusually heavy, hence citizens need not hesitate to indorse the proposed economic waste in duplication of electrical systems, the esteemed Tribune undertakes to compare the taxation of other cities with that of Los Angeles in the effort to show that we are in nowise suffering. Accepting the government census report of 1912 as a basis for its contention, the Tribune finds that of the amount of tax paid in eighteen cities in that year upon each \$100 worth of property, based upon estimated true valuation, the Los Angeles rate of \$9.35 was the lowest. It admits, however, that in the three years succeeding there has been an increase, mainly in school tax, so that for 1915-16 the total city tax is \$11.45. Yet even so, it declares, the rate in Chicago of \$10.30 and of San Francisco of \$10.25 is only a trifle lower. On its face, yes. But let us examine these figures: Chicago represents nearly the whole of Cook county and the tax levy by the county clerk is not duplicated. The county tax is only .54 on the \$100 of assessed valuation, which is one-third of the actual or full value, hence on the "true valuation," of the Tribune's figures would be not to exceed .18 on the \$100 or a total of \$12.10 for city and county. San Francisco's figures are even more exact since the \$10.25 represents the city and county rate. Now as to Los Angeles: Its tax rate for 1915-16 is \$1.60 on the \$100, with a trifle lower levy for the "shoestring" annexed portions. Add to this the total school tax of \$1.005 and the county rate of .625 on each \$100 worth of property of the county inside the city limits for 1915-16, or \$1.63, and we get a total city and county tax rate, which Los Angeles property owners must pay, of \$3.23. This, however, is based on a fifty per cent valuation. Cut the rate in two and we get a total tax of \$1.6150 on every actual \$100 worth of property, or for the purpose of meeting the Tribune's comparison \$16.15 on the \$1000. Forty per cent higher than Chicago and sixty per cent above San Francisco is the true status! And if the plans now proposed are persisted in the present \$47,000,000 of bonded indebtedness will presently be doubled, so that in a few years Los Angeles will have the proud distinction of leading all the cities in the country in the amount of its tax rate.

RED HERRING AND AMERICAN SHIPPING

EFFORTS of civic bodies by resolutions and in more substantial forms to place the American merchant marine in the van of the world's freight-carrying fleet are commendable. Doubtless, the deliberations of the National Foreign Trade Convention, held recently in New Orleans, will be of value in arriving at a satisfactory consummation, but in favoring amendment of the Seaman's Act it is sure to encounter opposition. What chiefly hampers American shipping is not so much the legislation that seeks to render the lot of the foremast hand less onerous as the antiquated navigation laws that deny American registry to any foreign-built ships, and forbid any but American ships to engage in the coasting trade. More than this, American registry is withheld from any ship that has ever flown a foreign flag. If shipowners were unrestricted, if they were allowed to buy in the most favorable market, we might soon see a recrudescence of that period in the history of American shipping when our flag was flown on all seas. In 1860 the American flag actually covered more commerce than the English flag, but fifty years

of high protective tariff have resulted in a drop of our foreign commerce in American ships from 69 to 9 per cent. It is of interest to note that Representative Curry of the Third California district, a staunch Republican, is found, in an interview, strongly commending the Seaman's Act, which he characterizes as a "splendid law." He not only does not favor its repeal, but is opposed to any change in the measure, declaring that it is working well both on the Pacific Coast and elsewhere, according to unbiased information. It will be recalled that Mr. Curry was a member of the committee that framed and reported the bill. We are not wholly reconciled to the Seaman's Act, but regard that as the least of the drawbacks to the re-establishment of American shipping. In harping upon that measure the high protectionists, and the steel trust, are merely drawing the proverbial red herring across the ocean trail. The real scent lies athwart the antiquated navigation laws.

HATS OFF TO INTREPID SAILORS

CONSIDERING how completely the British navy patrols the high seas, how thorough has been the pursuit of belligerent vessels and subsequent destruction of such, the feat performed by the "merchant cruiser" Moeve in capturing the British ship Appam is deserving of unreserved admiration, regardless of how one's sympathies may lie in the great war. Just twenty-two men were able to bring into port upward of four hundred prisoners, sailing straight across the Atlantic from the Canaries, and with six other prizes to their credit prior thereto gaining glory enough for a bottled-up navy that has also to its credit the brilliant exploits of an Embden. The boldness of the enterprise, the daring spirit that possessed the gallant twenty-two, suggests material for an epic poem worthy of a Campbell or a Masfield. What a pity that the brave fellows who have won lasting fame by their intrepidity must inevitably meet disaster in the event of further attempts of the kind. Sooner or later the British bulldogs of the ocean will "get" these daring freelances and either send them to Davy Jones' locker or else render them harmless by placing them under lathways. Nevertheless, hats must go off in recognition of their prowess.

PHILIPPINE INDEPENDENCE CONSIDERED

SHALL we turn loose the inhabitants of those islands known as the Philippines and let them work out their own destiny, or continue our work of tutelage? that is the burning question. Here in Los Angeles and throughout California, as it happens, are many citizens who have given part of their lives to work in the Philippine archipelago. The author of the most reliable text-book on the subject is a graduate of Pomona College, and at present one of the leading professors in the state university at Berkeley, Dr. David P. Barrows, at one time superintendent of education in the islands. A former auditor to the Philippine government, Mr. A. L. Lawshe, is now a citizen of Los Angeles; so also is a former governor of one of the Moro provinces, Mr. James M. Sheridan. We also have with us for the winter, Mr. Carlson Taylor, manager of the Manila Daily Bulletin, a leading journal of the capital. The superintendent of education at Pomona, Mr. G. Vernon Bennett, is a returned teacher from one of the islands, who held, in addition, a government post. Already, a society has been formed in this city among those who can look back to Philippine experiences; and in and around Pomona there are about half a hundred residents who may organize themselves in a similar way. What is their attitude toward the proposed granting of independence within two or more years? In the main, one of bitter opposition. In the first place, the work of giving the islands a common language is only just begun. Until English shall have become the natural mode of expression for the delegates who are returned to a Philippine parliament, the necessary unity of understanding and sentiment will be lacking. Again, there is as yet no distinct Filipino type. On the whole, the Tagalos in and around the capital seem to be the best fitted for leadership; but there are those who swear by the Ilokano farther north; others prefer the Bisayan of the middle islands, while Dean Worcester, who knows more about the is-

lands than any man living, is in love with the Igorots, a race just rescued from barbarism. Down to the south the Moros are the best fighters of all, and would never submit to the domination of the rather effeminate Tagalog. All the fine work done by our officials and teachers, a work that is unanimously declared to be a credit to the Stars and Stripes, would be swept away in a few years—so all the experts declare—if these poor people, speaking about seventy-two different languages, and childishly ignorant of modern modes of self-government, are prematurely cast adrift. It would mean that the work must be done all over again under worse conditions. Even down to date, the measures taken to prepare for independence seem to have dangerously weakened the bonds of authority and to have allowed the professional politician to work his baleful will among the unsophisticated Filipinos. The attitude toward immediate independence of those who have been on the spot and know the real condition of affairs, ranges from profound distrust to furious indignation. We believe that the United States should keep the faith and eventually give the Filipinos independence, but "two to four years" as the Clarke amendment guarantees is all too soon. Besides, having expended in excess of \$300,000,000 on the islands, surely the United States is entitled to retain, at least, a naval base and a coaling station, which right we have well earned. Neither the Jones bill nor the Clarke amendment seems to have included that small concession in return for our several hundred millions of expenditures on the islands.

LAYING THE LUSITANIA GHOST

WITH the acceptance by the department of state of slight changes in phraseology in the Lusitania agreement, that celebrated case is now in fair prospect of satisfactory settlement with all danger of friction between the two countries eliminated. Satisfactory, that is, in a diplomatic sense; in the larger, greater, ethical sense no amount of indemnity, no apologies or offers of reparation can atone for that unwarranted attack, without warning, on an unarmed passenger ship. But, at least, a great principle has been maintained by the President and accepted by Germany that liners shall not be sunk without warning and without provision for the safety of noncombatants; also that reprisals shall not be directed at other than enemy subjects. Again, has President Wilson demonstrated his signal ability in dealing with a most delicate situation and with all his contentions practically conceded the administration is entitled to the prestige that properly accrues to it. Apparently, Austria is to be given a similar taste of Wilsonian diplomatic pugnacity and persistency. The high-handed tactics of her submarine commanders have been directed in a pernicious manner against an American merchant steamer and in no mincing language the state department has demanded national apology, punishment of the responsible offender, and indemnity for damage inflicted. With the vexed question of the Lusitania settled it should be a comparatively easy matter to accomplish our purpose in the case of the steam tanker Petrolite, the boarding of which and arbitrary taking from it of supplies constitutes a flagrant violation of the laws governing neutral ships. It is not a peace-at-any-price policy that the President is pursuing, but a wise and sane way of adjusting differences growing out of the rash conduct of individuals owing allegiance to a belligerent country.

STRENGTH OF THE INDEPENDENTS

EVIDENCING the correctness of our warning to those Republicans advocating a referendum of the amended election laws, permitting non-partisan registration, are the partial returns from ten counties in the state, including San Francisco, Los Angeles and Sacramento, made to Secretary of State Jordan. The published figures show that of a total tabulated registration of 205,929 voters the Republicans lead with 85,591, while the no-party affiliation is 64,428; Democrats are in third place with 29,831 and Progressives fourth with 10,662. In Sacramento county the independents lead the Republicans seventeen to one. Let the sapient politician heed the lesson contained in these partial returns. It needs no illuminating at our hands.



ILLUMINATED missals and illuminated manuscripts went out of fashion with the incoming of the invention of printing. By the end of the fifteenth century, as the printer's art became established, manuscript illumination began to decline, although wood-cut borders and pictures were used to decorate the printed book for many years. This week, I have been feasting my eyes on several marvelous specimens of written literature, so wonderfully ornamented, done in such delicacy of color, purity of outline and ingenuity of design that words fail me in attempting to give an adequate idea of the exquisite workmanship. These artistic treasures are in the collection of Mr. George M. Millard, of South Pasadena, and are among his most recent acquisitions. One of them is a richly illuminated manuscript on vellum, every page having a full and elaborate decorative border of floreate scrolls, natural flowers and fruits and arabesques, while birds of gorgeous plumage, butterflies and animals of grotesque appearance are interspersed. The writing (French text) is in neat roman lettering, embellished with many hundred large and small decorative initials, capitals and textual ornaments. Besides the miniatures of saints on the outside borders there are on the lower margins landscape miniatures of the occupations of the monks and the signs of the Zodiac.

Of special interest because of the neatness of the illuminations and beauty of execution are eighteen full-page miniatures, within gold architectural frames, drawn to a large scale, representing the holy trinity; the annunciation; the visitation; betrayal of Christ, with Peter in the act of cutting off Malchus' ear; the nativity; Christ before Pilate; the shepherds; Christ bearing the cross; offerings of the magi; the crucifixion; presentation in the temple; flight into Egypt; descent from the cross; coronation of the virgin; the entombment; David penitent; and raising of Lazarus. All these are gorgeous in coloring and the use of blue, red and gold "diapers" for backgrounds is characteristic of the French and Franco-Flemish illumination of that period (late fifteenth or early sixteenth century). It is believed that this exquisite example of written literature was executed for and was originally owned by Mary, Duchess of Burgundy, daughter of Charles the Bold, but, as she died in 1482, in her twenty-fifth year, I am inclined to think that an error has been made. I would rather attribute the original ownership to Marguerite, Mary's daughter, by Maximilian. In 1507, her father appointed her governor-general of the Netherlands and guardian of her brother's children, one of whom, Charles, was the heir to the Netherlands. How bravely, how wisely, how courageously she administered that trust is history. But she had also inherited her father's love for literature and her private library was greatly enriched by numerous illustrated missals and manuscripts. When her nephew Charles attained his majority she was invited by him to make a triumphant tour of the Netherlands and among the splendid presents the princess regent dispensed in honor of the young king was a magnificent "book of hours," the cover inlaid with gold, diamonds, pearls and rubies, valued at more than four hundred golden crowns, which was a present from her to the bishop of Paris.

This rare manuscript book possessed by Mr. Millard has a comparatively modern binding of oak-boarded, green velvet, with chased silver clasps and corner ornaments, and the royal arms of Portugal and Burgundy in the centers. On folio 42, also, are the emblazoned coats of arms of Burgundy and Portugal, while the daisy figures repeatedly in the decorative border designs, the floral badge of Marguerite as it was that of the English Margaret, sister of Edward IV of England and second wife of Charles the Bold, grandfather of the Flemish princess. Inasmuch as the workmanship indicates a little later period than the short-lived Mary attained, to her daughter Marguerite is the ownership more likely attributable. There is no clue to the artist, but it is unlikely that the writing and the decorations were by the same hand. I should think that Mr. Henry E. Huntington would be interested in this illuminated book whose value is too great to admit of its acquisition by the average collector.

Three richly illuminated manuscript books of the Bible in French on vellum, of fifteenth century workmanship, and in the highest style of the French illuminating art of that period are also in the Millard collection. The folios contain upward of two hundred miniatures, more than that number of ornamental initials and hundreds of smaller letters in gold and colors. Many of the pages have rich and elegant half or whole borders of floral designs, interspersed with figures of animals and grotesques. Apparently, the original owners of this unique work were the De Peretiers or D'Arcys, the coat of arms of these families (the same having been adopted by both) being several times repeated. The figures in the miniatures are superbly presented and are distinctly of Jewish type. One of the most remarkable is a portrayal of the miraculous feeding of the five thousand people. Of great interest is a grand arched miniature prefacing the Book of the Maccabees, and said to represent the death of Philip of Macedon, who lies in a bed beneath a canopy, surrounded by courtiers in gorgeous robes. Four miniatures, separated only by thin gold lines, depict the refusal of the prophet Daniel to worship Nebuchadnezzar's idol; the three "children" in the fiery furnace;

Belshazzar's feast; and Daniel in the lions' den. All the miniatures are remarkable for their design and execution; the costumes, grouping, harmonious coloring, architectural details and perspective indicate the work of an artist of great ability.

It is of historical interest to note that the original translation of this French written Bible was begun by Guyard des Moulins in 1291. His text was generally adopted and in 1495, by order of King Charles VIII of France it was for the first time printed under the title of "Les Livres historiques de la Bible, traduites du Latine en Francais." Of course, this illuminated manuscript is much earlier than the printed version. Doubtless, it was executed for a member of the D'Arcy family. It is, unquestionably, one of the finest illuminated manuscripts that have found their way into the market in many years and that it is in the French language heightens literary interest in the work. Personally, the single manuscript volume, that I like to think was once the treasured property of Princess Marguerite of the Netherlands, has greater appeal than the larger tomes, but all are wonderful specimens of medieval manuscript work. I suppose the three folios could not be bought much below \$25,000 and the Burgundy calendar is probably worth around \$5000. High prices, one may think, but not when the rarity and beauty of the manuscripts are considered.

Classical illuminated manuscripts can be traced back to Egyptian miniatures. Roman and Greek manuscripts are also among the earliest of their kind, but none has been spared to posterity. A Greek twelfth-century "Psalter" in the Vatican library has one special picture which is obviously a careful copy of a miniature printing of the first century A. D. or even earlier. When Rome ceased to be the seat of government, Constantinople became the chief center for the production of illuminated manuscripts, and from its central position—midway of east and west—the styles and technique of both met, with the natural result that a new stylistic development formed to which the term of Byzantine is applied. The most important, as it is also the most beautiful example of the Byzantine style is said to be the Greek codex of Deoscorides' work on botany, now in the imperial library of Vienna, the date of which is fixed at about 500 A. D. It contains five large and elaborate miniatures and numerous vignettes of plants. From Constantinople, the home of the illuminating art moved westward and under the fostering care of Charles the Great, King of the Franks, the revival of letters followed. The next great school of manuscript illumination was the Celtic, which in the seventh century had reached its apex with a number of exquisitely beautiful and richly illuminated manuscripts. The famous "Book of Kells," now in the library of Trinity College, Dublin, is accounted the greatest triumph of the Celtic art. From Ireland the art was carried to the western coasts of Scotland and also to Briton, where King Alfred was instrumental in forming a new school of manuscript illuminating in many of the Benedictine monasteries of England. Then back across the channel the art center went and Paris in the reign of Louis IX evolved many manuscripts of exquisite beauty, as it also did in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries.

Naturally, it was the monkish amanuensis who produced these written vellum tomes. He worked apart, in strictest silence, his only companion the friendly book. The pride of the monastery was its well-stored library and in the scriptoria, or cells assigned to the scribes, the transcription of books was pursued under the rigid rules of the order. If the monastery was richly endowed the amount of labor carried on in the scriptorium was correspondingly large. Laymen, who had a taste for literature, or who entertained an esteem for it in others, often, at their death, bequeathed estates for the support of the monastic scriptoria. It is said that the transcription of the Bible demanded the outlay of much industry and wealth. Several years were required to complete the work. No wonder that the Bible in those days should have been held so valuable and capable of realizing a considerable sum. About the year 1225, so Anthony Wood, the English antiquary, tells us, Rober de Insuli, dean of York, gave several Bibles to the University of Oxford, and ordered that those who borrowed them for perusal should deposit property of equal value as a security for their return. There is a curious illumination in the Cotton manuscripts, of Abbot Simon of St. Albans, the monkish bibliophile, deeply engaged with his studies amidst a number of messy volumes, and a huge trunk is before him crammed with rough, old-fashioned large clasped tomes, enticing to look upon. This illustration should answer the query that has been made from time to time, "were the monks booklovers?" But the well-stored monastic libraries reflect the affirmative forcibly enough, I think. Then, too, there is Richard de Bury's delightful little book on bibliographic experience which once formed the subject of an interesting browsing and a copy of which work is one of my treasures. He was a Benedictine monk who afterward became bishop of Durham. He died in 1345 and his "Philobiblon," first printed in 1473, has never lost its charm.

S. T. C.

Freesia

(To My Father)

Sometimes amid the city's busy street
There wafts across my way a fragrance sweet;
And lo! you are with me once again!
I see you, hear you, know you, quite as when
We two beheld the spring's first blossoms small
Peep up from grasses green near garden wall.

Sweet lilies, tiny emblems, white and pure,
Of love all good which shall for me endure
Through all the years I live from thee apart,
With but the dear past presence of thy Father-heart!
Oh, Presence guide me still along the way
To greater heights, to brighter, clearer day;
Sway all my thoughts and give my soul fresh fire
To live big deeds; only to know the higher!

—ESTELLE HEARTT DREYFUS

GOSSIP FROM THE GOLDEN GATE

EVERY day recently has provided examples of audacious activity in the "hold-up" industry, and the police appear to be powerless to rid the city of this shameful reproach. Saturday night a cafe in the heart of the town was invaded by a lone bandit, and he got away safely with the contents of the cash register while the women guests were still busy secreting their jewelry. The interlude was the most thrilling attraction that has yet been provided in any of the novelty-exhausting restaurants. Sunday a man was slugged and robbed at the corner of Powell and Sutter streets, and in other parts of the city the bandits were busy. There is loud complaint that the abuse of the probation and parole system is largely responsible for the present activity of criminals. Chief of Police White frankly expresses his disgust. "The police are blamed for not catching criminals," he says. "But when they do catch them, what is the use? They are placed on probation." The police records show that in the last six months 268 men were arrested for burglary. The percentage of convictions apparently is small, and the records do not show how many of those convicted were placed on probation.

* * *

Another woman charged with shooting her husband has been acquitted. The woman who confessed to butchering her importunate lover and was acquitted is now being tried for the disposition of her victim's remains. The vagaries of juries prompted Judge Dunne to remark, after accepting one of these verdicts, "It seems to me that it would be a wise plan if some of these feeble-minded women, instead of attacking the men they do, would take shots at feeble-minded jurors."

* * *

Philander P. Claxton, chairman of the National Bureau of Education, who is head of the survey commission to investigate the public schools of San Francisco, has outlined the scope of the investigation. He has relieved the anxieties of many individuals by declaring that the findings of the commission will be, insofar as possible, wholly impersonal. "I conceive it to be no part of the survey," he writes, "to pass on the individual merits of teachers and school officials." The only opposition to the survey has emanated from two women who are said to represent the Parents' Rights' League of America. They are afraid that eastern ideas of education will be too prevalent and that, for instance, horticulture will be taught in San Francisco "along the same lines followed in the east where they have snow and ice." The two women, at all events, have enjoyed hearing themselves talk.

Fake advertising has received its first body-blow in the courts, under a city ordinance which prohibits the making of "false, sly or untrue, deceptive or misleading statements as to merchandise offered for sale, or services offered, by means of advertisements or proclamation." The prosecution was conducted by the Advertising Association of San Francisco and is said to be the first of its kind in this state. The sensational promises of a bankrupt forced sale precipitated the case. The offender was fined \$25. [Our correspondent is mistaken. The first case observed was at Pasadena when a pseudo bankrupt stock was offered for sale. The merchant was fined \$50 for misstating the facts.—Editor The Graphic.]

* * *

Justice Henshaw's decisions are always well worth reading, for he has a cultured mind and the pen of a ready writer. In his decision in the Los Angeles Salvation Army case Justice Henshaw wrote with scathing irony, "Charity is not only to begin at home, but to end at home, saving it is under 'permit,' it may be suffered to go abroad. The quality of mercy—and so necessarily of charity—we are told

'is not strained;

'It droppeth as the gentle dew from Heaven
Upon the earth beneath.'

"But in Los Angeles it is to be strained and dropped as from a sprinkling pot in the guiding hand of the charity commission. Surely, here if anywhere, is:

'The organized charity, scrimped and iced,
In the name of a cautious, statistical Christ.'

* * *

Dr. Charles F. Aked, whose style of oratory has filled the First Congregational Church for the last four or five years, is likely to remain in Europe, though not to return to England, as a member of the Henry Ford permanent peace concern. His resignation from his San Francisco pulpit is expected this week. Both as preacher and publicist Aked was constantly in the limelight here. At present his pulpit is being filled by Dr. W. W. Willard of San Jose.

* * *

Theatrical men are up in arms to prevent the lease of the Exposition Auditorium to Pasquali, the philanthropic impressario who yearns to provide home-made grand opera at ten cents a head. If the lease is made, the Theatrical Association threatens to give the city a severe dose of its own ordinances. The city fathers will be forced to equip the building to conform to the strictest letter of the theatrical building laws, which, it is figured, will cost about \$50,000. The city would be compelled to screw every chair in the main auditorium to the floor, thus ruining a dance floor that cost \$25,000 and making the building useless for many of the purposes for which it was originally designed.

* * *

Colonel Eben H. Swift was the speaker at the last military luncheon for business men and gave a valuable review of the Swiss system of military training. In Switzerland it costs only \$35 a year to train a soldier but in the United States the expense is twenty-eight times that amount.

R. H. C.

San Francisco, Feb. 9.

State Regulation Versus Duplication - V. By The Editor

PRECEDING papers have sought to impress upon the student of economics that duplication of public utility systems and paralleling of lines, electrical and otherwise, are costly procedures, resulting in economic waste, hence greatly increasing the burden on the taxpayers. Our argument has been that with the establishment of public service commissions, authorized by beneficent laws to safeguard the interests of the consumer and the community generally, it is folly to expend millions of the people's money to gain that which the powers of the service commission are capable of attaining whenever private utility companies evince a disinclination to meet reasonable demands made upon them. Advocates of municipal ownership and operation contend that were it not for the installation of the government-managed utilities the service rates would still be unduly high and the attitude of the private concerns supercilious and arbitrary, hence the added expense is warranted.

We believe that such contention is fallacious and without basic support. Following William K. Vanderbilt's celebrated remark "the public be damned," when pressed by the reporter of a Chicago daily to talk on a subject that was said to interest the public, he opened a Pandora box that let loose countless troubles for utility companies, which have been kept busy ever since refuting unwarranted charges. We believe, however, that Mr. Vanderbilt's ill-considered exclamatory observation had excellent effect on corporation service generally. It aroused the managerial heads to a sense of their proper obligations to the public and drastic orders went out from the executive offices that resulted in a complete change of attitude. Every employee coming in contact with the consumers was obligated to preserve a courtly demeanor, to take pains to give any information sought and to reflect by polite conduct the desire of the company to treat its clients with due consideration. This has been the undeviating policy of all sanely-operated public utility corporations, certainly, for the last decade. To do otherwise were to commit unnecessary acts of folly.

So much for the exploded charges of supercilious conduct toward the public. Now as to the service rates in effect in that same period. Year by year, as the communities have grown and the utility companies have been able to introduce improved machinery and arrive at a greater state of efficiency the price of electricity has been reduced until now in the city of Los Angeles the basic rate, as Mr. Scattergood, the city electrician, has admitted, is at least one-third lower than obtains in most of the larger cities of the country. Possibly, the supervisory powers of the state railroad commission have conduced to an acceleration of reductions, but at least, the companies have met all demands fairly and frankly, asking only that a reasonable earning capacity on their investment be allowed. That the commission has been able to adjust differences of opinions between corporations and consumers in justice to both, thereby reducing friction to a minimum, simply reveals the usefulness of the board and the wisdom of its creation.

That its work is well done the results attained bear witness. When municipal ownership advocates direct attention to the low service rates prevalent in Pasadena, as compared with those in vogue ten years ago, urging that the expense of the duplicated plant is well warranted by the sequential events, we have only to cite the conditions obtaining in Los Angeles. In this city, there has been no need to parallel established lines and systems to secure precisely as good results. The basic rate in Los Angeles of 5½ cents a kilowatt hour for electricity, with free bulbs, is practically the same as the rate enjoyed by Pasadenans, when the higher price of street lighting in the Crown City is considered. Having a monopoly of that service, the municipal plant can fix a rate that will permit itself to recoup losses made on the electricity delivered to domestic consumers, which must meet competition. Riverside buys its current at wholesale and its street lighting is supplied at a price 200 per cent below that charged to the Pasadena taxpayers.

Our contention is that with state laws empowering a public service commission to regulate private utility companies the people have no need to go into debt in order to engage in competitive business with the quasi-public utility concerns. One does not pay premiums on fire insurance and then find it obligatory to establish insurance companies to be sure of getting protection. The public service commission is the people's insurance against possible excessive rates or arbitrary conduct on the part of the private utility companies. Its duty is to serve as judge and jury in all cases affecting the communities, and its decisions aim to be impartial. There are two sides to every question and in hearing both and deciding without bias, without rancor, the commission performs its whole duty. So long as the people approve the principle of its being—and that will be so long as they retain ordinary common sense—the commission will act as the balance wheel in adjusting all questions affecting the public; it will be as a stone wall against exorbitant rates; it will be equally firm in guarding the capital invested in utilities against confiscatory proceedings.

Having such a commission in California, to whose rules and regulations every private utility company is amenable, we insist that the duplication of plants and systems by municipalities is useless dissipation of public funds, a species of economic waste that ought to be discountenanced by every taxpayer whose common sense dominates his prejudices. The welfare of the community demands that the public funds be so conserved that taxation shall be kept ever to the minimum of necessity. Whenever that idea is allowed to be obscured, all kinds of foolish plans for the squandering of the people's money are broached and in many instances—with an apathetic public—opportunistic politi-

cians or inexperienced city officials are enabled to ride their hobbies. As a rule citizens do not wake up until the rapidly increasing taxes advise them of the necessity of crying a halt. Ordinarily, this awakening is at so late a date that the damage is done, the people are committed to a course and are cajoled into putting in more money in the attempt to overcome an economic barrier. This, apparently, is the plan of those officials now found advocating the paralleling of the systems of the three local electrical companies. First, they asked for \$3,500,000. It was voted. Then they wanted \$6,500,000 more, and in a few months, if the present course is pursued without meeting public rebuke, there will be a coaxing request for another bond issue of several millions more. Of course, it will not suffice. No public utility, as we have shown by references to experiences elsewhere, can be a success unless it is a monopoly, as with water. Wherever municipally-owned and operated electrical plants are found competing for business with well-managed, efficiently conducted private concerns, there may be noted unpleasant hiatuses between receipts and expenditures which not the most ingeniously-contrived systems of municipal bookkeeping can wholly bridge. That Los Angeles will be an exception to this rule, if the mistaken course now urged is persisted in, is unlikely. In fact, the resultant is bound to prove even more disastrous than the average experience, for instead of one competitor the city must race three exceptionally well-managed, economically administered private companies, each having its quota of friends and following and each morally certain to contest every effort of the invading fourth company to divert its business.

That financial disappointment must follow the futile attempts of the city to drive the private companies out of the field is certain. But that is not the extent of the trouble. The people will be asked to maintain the losing venture by voting more funds and they will have to continue this course until the end of the chapter; which means so long as the latest-formed company insists on remaining in the territory. What can it offer better than the predecessor companies give that should attract to it the business? Lower rates? No, for it must sell at a price capable of earning its fixed charges and caring for depreciation and sinking fund. If it attempts to manipulate the books and show a profit where none exists, with the deficits covered by direct taxation, the people will visit their wrath upon the officials responsible for such chicanery. That the customary happy-go-lucky methods usually characteristic of city-operated enterprises, as contrasted with privately-managed companies, will endear the service to an exacting community, is not plausible. Unless consumers get the very best attention they will naturally gravitate where it is obtainable. History of similar competition elsewhere reveals that in rare instances does the municipal utility get the bulk of the business; invariably, the better conducted, more alert, more efficient company gains the majority of subscribers. If that is to be the history of the Los Angeles proposed city electrical plant it will spell financial defeat for the undertaking; only when a monopoly exists can the city hope to emerge with profit or, at least, without losing money.

This being true, and experience abroad proves it, what folly to contemplate seriously the investment of millions of the people's money in a venture that is foredoomed to failure? What incentive is there to so hazardous an experiment? Is the public suffering from poor service and exorbitant rates? No; that is not even remotely charged. What, then, is the reason advanced for the duplication of equipment, for the engaging in a costly competitive business, for the additional bond issues that must be forthcoming in a city already struggling under an output of \$47,000,000 of bonded indebtedness?

It has a side-product of its aqueduct, to-wit, electrical current for power and lighting purposes, from the manufacture of which it must have an income? So to get to a doubtful market it is proposed to spend millions of dollars. Such a course is reminiscent of the early Chinese method of roasting pig, as narrated by the inimitable Charles Lamb, in his essays of Elia. The first roast pig of record chanced to be cooked in an accidental fire that burned down the owner's cottage. The neighbors sampled the roast and lo! other cottages were fired to get a similar result. But it proved so costly a procedure that the Chinese epicures were obliged to invent a less expensive form of dish. The three electrical companies have offered an excellent substitute for the expensive experiment proposed by the city. They have agreed to buy all the electrical power generated by the city, at a wholesale price, to be stipulated by the local board of public utilities, while the retail price to consumers will be, of course, fixed by the state railroad commission. Coming and going, in this way, taxpayers and consumers of electricity and users of power are amply protected. The city is assured of an income only limited by the limit of its electrical output and the taxpayer is guaranteed from additional burdens by the certain marketing of the aqueduct's by-product.

But the acceptance of so sane a method will hardly suit the professional politicians and those selfishly-disposed officials whose stipends might be curtailed were the plan of wholesaling the electricity approved. They are for the roast-pig-at-any-cost since the taxpayers at large must foot the bills. To that sort of patriotism we decidedly object. The tax burden on Los Angeles realty already is too heavy, and with the many problems that must be solved, such as flood control, viaducts and similar civic enterprises the credit of the city needs to be carefully nurtured rather than ruthlessly assailed. That it will require from fifteen to twenty million dollars more than the sum already

voted to parallel the private lines and generate enough electricity to provide for all needs is admitted. And unless the city can get a monopoly of the service it is also measurably certain that the receipts will not keep pace with the expenditures, including sinking fund and depreciation. Twenty millions additional will place the city's bonded indebtedness at \$67,000,000. Add \$11,000,000 for the municipality's share of flood control outlay, say \$5,000,000 for its proportion of the expense in building viaducts, and we have a total of \$83,000,000. Now, add to that huge sum the \$17,000,000 that must be spent before many years to complete the aqueduct system, by extending the conduit to Long Valley, acquiring the reservoir site there and buying out the prior rights in the side-streams and we have a grand total of \$100,000,000. The interest at 4½ per cent would be \$4,500,000 annually; include the sinking fund and an idea may be gained of the enormous load under which Los Angeles realty, improved and otherwise, must stagger.

Are the taxpayers content to allow this vast debt to be imposed, without registering their protest? It is inconceivable. Yet they have been so apathetic in the past that it is possible they may remain just as inert when the municipal ownership advocates begin to paint alluring pictures of the tempting profits that will accrue from the retailing of electricity. We hope they will decline to be further humbugged. The private electrical concerns consider themselves fortunate if they can earn 8 per cent on their investment, which allows for a small surplus for emergencies after declaring modest dividends. Riverside's well-managed municipal monopoly averages about that interest earning. With the keen competition that Los Angeles will have to confront, it is morally certain that the proposed duplicated system will never realize a profit on the investment. Moreover, by the paralleling of the private systems the economic status quo of the entire city will be disturbed. Not only will taxpayers have to make up the deficits, but the \$6,500,000 expended in this city annually by the three companies, in payrolls and supplies, will so shrink that the tradesmen and merchants now profiting by the outlay are bound to feel the pinch. They will be hit both ways: in curtailed receipts and in augmented taxes.

If there were any pressing reason why the people should be constrained to pile Ossa on Pelion in shouldering the additional burden which the projected duplication of systems will entail, the prospect might be faced with more equanimity than is now possible. But the contrary is true. The public is well served, rates are low, and the state regulated companies could not if they would impose on the community. To our mind the people are about to be outrageously bunkoed in the event that they are beguiled by the siren songs of the politicians and those selfishly interested in the projected duplication. It is economic waste of the most flagrant type and should be rejected. There is no crying necessity for the costly experiment. The establishment of the public service commission is the alternative and with that tried and tested and thoroughly approved it is criminally wasteful to resort to methods that have no economic appeal. Between the state regulated utility company and the municipally owned and operated undertaking there is a deep gulf into which the taxpayers must continue to drop much precious funds so long as the city does not enjoy a monopoly of service. The people must choose. Shall it be a duplication of systems and certain deficits or by a wholesaling of the city's current to the private companies at a good price, the retail rate to consumers fixed by the state commission, relieve taxpayers of part of their burdens? How can any unprejudiced person hesitate in arriving at a decision?

John Muir
(1838-1914)

Tenting, journeying by God's clock,
Along the lofty ways;
Reading the cypher of the rock,—
The field-book of the days;

John Muir resolved what empery
Shall perish, what shall stand—
Himself risen to such sovereignty,
The wild things licked his hand.

Young yet at his three-score and ten,
Love's wonder-world he trod,
Glad, far aloof from sated men
As stars are from the sod.

The trailing mist, the waving boughs,
Beckoned to fresh surprise,
Sweet as the flowers have when they rouse,
Morning in their eyes.

Patience employed with saving power,
Courage with sturdy art,
Vision foreshadowing the fateful hour,
Love arming for it his heart.

Skyward he climbed, nor dreamed how high
Over the peaks he rose,
Into the white toward which they try,
The purged, eternal snows.

Rich in the trust, the mother lore,
But Youth, long-lived, may learn,
If much he stored, he gave back more:
It overflows his urn.

—JOHN VANCE CHENEY

Grossmont, California.

With the Modern Poets

By Marguerite Wilkinson

As to the Original Phrase

POETS of today are not always masters of rhythm and melody and at times the stress of life works a havoc in them which prevents them from lifting their verse out of spiritual chaos into spiritual power. Their vision does not always scan the outposts of heaven, nor range the fields of ether with telescopic majesty. Too often, perhaps, their attention is focussed on minute details of structure so that they seem like students in a laboratory watching the trivial behavior of a microcosm, forgetful of the pageant of the skies. But the microscopic method makes them foes of the trite and commonplace and timeworn in phraseology. For this they deserve encomiums and our thanks.

For we no longer feel any elation in hearing the violet called "modest and shrinking," the hand of a lady "white as a lily," her lips "sweet as honey." Even those who are wholly unversed in poetic craftsmanship know intuitively that the maker of verses who would use such phrases today would be a poor imitation of a poet, a person content never to feel and fathom things and personalities for himself, willing to take the magic of life on hearsay, to forego a first hand acquaintance with flower or bird, with beast or man or woman.

In the work of the best contemporaries fresh, vivid, finely-realized phrases are many. Joyce Kilmer could hardly have described "Old Martin" better than he did by calling him "that receptive ancient child." Margaret Widdemer's "great gold sorrows" are unforgettable. When John Gould Fletcher speaks of "the mad ballet of the midsummer sky" we know that he has really watched the vibrations of heat and light in the air. What could surpass the rough sincerity of Vachel Lindsay's phraseology in "General William Booth Enters Into Heaven." You may not like it, but you will listen, and remember the

Vermin eaten-saints with mouldy breath,
Unwashed legions with the ways of death.

who became

Sages and sybils now and athletes clean,
Rulers of empire and of forests green!

And although they have small meaning for very practical persons, imaginative people will delight in the almost scriptural quality of these lines of Orrick Johns:

Thou art a daughter of the lightning
And a sister of the rose;
Thy kisses are as keen as the grass at midnight
And thy tenderness a bowl of new milk.

Nor will the discerning reader despise the realism of Padraic Colum's description of a woman "who spills all her talk out of a wide mouth." Examples of excellent phrasing might be multiplied many times to the advantage of poetry, of course, and yet it seems to me that contemporary verse is strongest in this one way. The day of repeated conventional formulas is over. The day of real impressions conveyed in nicely chosen words is here. Padded lines and hackneyed rhymes we no longer tolerate. There are many examples of good phrasing in Ridgely Torrence's poem "Santa Barbara Beach" which was originally published in Poetry and deserves to be better known on the coast:

Now while the sunset offers
Shall we not take our own:
The gems, the blazing coffers,
The seas, the shores, the throne?

The sky ships, radiant-masted,
Move out, bear low our way.
O Life was dark while it lasted,
Now for enduring day.

Now, with the world far under
To draw up drowning men
And show them lands of wonder
Where they may build again.

There earthly sorrow falters,
There longing has its wage,
There gleam the ivory altars
Of our lost pilgrimage.

Swift flame—then shipwrecks only
Beach in the ruined light;
Above them reach up lonely
The headlands of the night.

A hurt bird cries and flutters
Her dabbled breast of brown;
The western wall unshutters
To fling one last rose down.

A rose—a wild light after—
And life calls through the years,
"Who dreams my fountains' laughter
Shall fill my wells with tears."

Francis Ledwidge is a young Irish peasant poet who is being heartily praised by eastern critics here, after having won the cordial approval of many English and Irish critics in his own land. Lord Dunsany is chief sponsor for him. He is said to be a master of choice phrasing, a maker of "shapely lines." More than once his line "I love the wet-lipped wind that stirs the hedge" has been quoted and repeated and also the following stanza from a poem called "June":

Broom out the floor, now, lay the fender by,
And plant this bee-sucked bough of woodbine there,
And let the window down. The butterfly
Floats in upon the sunbeam, and the fair
Tanned face of June, the nomad gypsy laughs
Above the widespread ways, the while she tells
The farmers' fortunes in the fields, and quaffs
The water from the spider-peopled wells.

Francis Ledwidge has achieved a picturesque variety in the experiences of his life. He has been a farm hand, a scavenger on the roads, a worker in a copper mine, a clerk in a grocer's shop. He is now a lance corporal in the Fifth battalion of the Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers, and he is fighting at the front.

An eastern poet tells me that the three things necessary for the production of poetry are leisure, refinement, and beautiful surroundings. There is much to be said for the theory. If by leisure we mean enough

time for the study of craftsmanship (and the measure should be generous) and enough time for meditation and vision, if by refinement we mean a discipline of the faculties in the perception and delineation of beauty and truth, if by beautiful surroundings we mean chiefly the great out of doors which always keeps a portion of its beauty free of the blemishes and disfigurements of men's making, then, truly, we should desire these things for our poets.

But this theory might easily be misunderstood. For what we often mean by leisure is a state of effete laziness and polite inanition. What we often mean by refinement is a removal of all the healthy roughnesses of life. What we often mean by beautiful surroundings is—fashionable bric-a-brac and stucco. And these are not essential to the production of poetry.

I like best to think that poetry is not frail and exotic, but that it grows best in and for the most vigorous races. I like to think that rough winds and high seas and hard fighting and stern travail cannot destroy it in any race capable of producing it; that it is as fundamentally in, of, and for the people as love or religion, and as hardy and perpetual. I like to remember that many of the greatest poets have come "through great tribulation," through poverty and the scorn of their fellows, and the rough work of the field and the camp and the wilderness into the power of the spirit that enables them to give mankind their gift.

How many of the women who are now writing strong or graceful poetry and verse for American magazines would have achieved any distinction in letters if they had been forced to meet and overcome the obstacles faced by Sarojini Naidu, a young poet of India? Madame Naidu broke her caste and married outside of it, crossed the seas in search of occidental wisdom, unveiled her face, went about in the presence of strangers, entertained foreigners at her table and talked freely with them—and all these things were forbidden her by the strict conventional code of the east. The Christian Science Monitor publishes a most interesting interview with Madame Naidu in the number for January 22, in which she tells of the difficulties that confront the Hindu woman who would have education and opportunity to achieve. When asked whether her defiance of custom had hurt her socially she replied:

"My mother has made me feel what is to her my deep degradation. For the first few years she would not come near my home; then mother love was stronger than tradition and custom, and now she comes; but, first, she sends me word and I make a place clean upon the earthen floor where she may place her mat of holy dharba grass, and she carefully steps over the rugs and avoids the furniture and seats herself in the middle of her mat, and chats and gossips with me . . . when she returns home she bathes and purifies herself and says a few prayers to take away the contamination of my presence."

Nevertheless, Madame Naidu is loyal to India and is bringing up her children to play Hindu music, sing Hindu songs and chant Hindu prayers. She writes her poetry in English to show the western world her dreams and longings and the dreams and longings of her people.

Briefs of the Poets

Edith Wyatt, a clever Chicago poet, has a brief article in a recent issue of the Chicago Tribune on parodies and criticism. She deplores the fact that our criticism is frequently only fulsome praise. Perhaps, there is too much of a disposition to praise on the part of many American reviewers. To praise a work of art is a gracious task. To reveal its real merits and demerits is difficult and often a thankless task. Miss Wyatt complains that a critic who points out the structural weakness of a book may be accused of "attacking" the work of the author, when, in reality, there is much in the work with which he is sympathetic. It seems to me, however, that criticism is better and somewhat more helpful nowadays than it was a few years ago, and that it should be possible for the poet of today to learn something occasionally, from the reviews sent him, and that the fact that much poetry is now being written and read in this country should make it possible for the critic to follow the pleasant path of perpetual praise.

Madame Sarah Bernhardt is playing in London in "Les Cathedrales," a dramatic poem by Eugene Morand, with music by Gabriel Pierné. The cathedrals of France and Flanders are represented by symbolic figures and tell the story of their lives and their sufferings in the great war. The cathedrals represented in the cast are Strasburg, Notre Dame, Rheims, Bourges, Arles, and St. Pol de Leon. Madame Bernhardt speaks for Strasburg. The play—or more properly the poem—is said to be most impressive, it "reminds one of a ritual, the voices answering one another antiphonally and now and again crying out together."

Sara Teasdale's "Rivers to the Sea" is now in its second edition and will soon be in its third thousand. This is as it should be. No one in this country is making short, simple lyrics more perfect than hers.

Poems, too long to be quoted, that we would like to recommend to readers are "The Fugitive" by Hermann Hagedorn in the North American Review, and "Ben Jonson Entertains a Man from Stratford" by Edwin Arlington Robinson in the Drama for November.

Scribner's have published Rupert Brooke's "Letters from America" with a preface by Henry James. Speakers chosen for the annual dinner of the Poetry Society of America were Robert Frost, Edgar Lee Masters, Corinne Roosevelt Robinson, Gutzon Borglum and Louis Untermeyer. Louis Untermeyer is writing most interesting criticism for the Chicago Evening Post. Readers may not always agree with him but they will not be bored much of the time.

Mrs. Martha Foote Crow, at one time dean of

women at Northwestern University, and at all times a most charming personality, is doing good work for poetry. She has recently made a trip through the middle west, lecturing on "The Poetic Renaissance in America."

Robert Frost is to be Phi Beta Kappa poet at Harvard University this year. And Harvard has organized a poetry society after the example of the University of Michigan.

Vachel Lindsay has written a book on "The Art of The Moving Picture."

"Of pure poetry there are two kinds, that which mirrors the beauty of the world in which our bodies are, and that which builds the more mysterious kingdoms where geography ends and fairyland begins, with gods and heroes at war, and the sirens singing still, and Alph going down to the darkness from Xanadu."—Lord Lunsany.

There is a renewal of interest in the poetry of Helen Gray Cone, who, like Edith Thomas and Louise Imogen Guiney, writes according to the traditions of English verse and stands a little apart from the more unconventional achievements of the young poets of today. This renewal of interest in her work is probably due to the fact that her "Chant of Love for England," an answer to Ernest Lissauer's "Song of Hate," originally published in the Atlantic Monthly, has been published, with other poems, in a volume by E. P. Dutton. In the volume is this admirable sonnet:

The common street climbed up against the sky,
Gray meeting gray; and wearily to and fro
I saw the patient, common people go
Each with his sordid burden trudging by.
And the rain dropped; there was not any sigh
Or stir of a live wind; dull, dull and slow
All motion; as a tale told long ago
The faded world; and creeping night drew nigh.

Then burst the sunset, flooding far and fleet
Leavening the whole of life with magic leaven,
Suddenly down the long, wet, glistening hill
Pure splendor poured—and lo! the common street,
A golden highway into golden heaven,
With the dark shapes of men ascending still.

Here is poet Arthur Guiterman, well known to readers of Life, author of "The Antiseptic Baby and the Prophylactic Pup," giving his fellow poets excellent advice in the pages of the Literary Digest on "How to Write Verse and Live."

Don't think of yourself as a poet and don't dress the part.

Don't classify yourself as a member of any special school or group.

Don't call your quarters a garret or a studio.

Don't frequent exclusively the company of writers.

Don't think of any class of work that you feel moved to do as either beneath you or above you.

Don't complain of lack of appreciation. (In the long run no really good published work can escape appreciation.)

Don't think you are entitled to any special rights, privileges, and immunities as a literary person, or have any more reason to consider your possible lack of fame a grievance against the world than has any shipping clerk or traveling salesman.

Don't speak of poetic license or believe that there is any such thing.

Don't tolerate in your own work any flaws in rhythm, rime, melody or grammar.

Don't use "e'er" for "ever," "o'er" for "over," "when-as" or "what time" for "when" or any of the "poetical" commonplaces of the past.

Don't say "did go" for "went" even if you need an extra syllable.

Don't omit articles or prepositions for the sake of rhythm.

Don't have your book published at your own expense by any house that makes a practise of publishing at the author's expense.

Don't write poems about unborn babies.

Don't—don't write hymns to the Great God Pan. He is dead, let him rest in peace!

Don't write what everybody else is writing.

Most of Mr. Guiterman's advice is excellent and a good deal of it is much needed by most beginners. But why discriminate against posterity as a subject for poetry?

A Valentine

Though filled with gems and ruddy gold—
The golden sheaves of field and mart—
Of wealth no treasure-house can hold
Enough to buy a heart!

The vagrant, Love, goes singing by—
Nor wealth hath he of field or mart—
Gives but a kiss, a tear, a sigh,
To gain a priceless heart!

O good St. Valentine! I pray
To me incline my lady's heart,
Since in her book of life I play
A vagrant's lowly part!

A Fear

Deep in my heart there's a little fear—
A little fear, half-grown—
It whispers, "in a coming year
You may be left alone!"

For I have loved as women love,
Given, as women give
And left alone; dear God above,
How could I longer live?

—EDITH DALEY

CLIMATIC, AND OTHER CHANGES

By Randolph Bartlett

WHY is it that the west always has been considered the part of the country where sudden changes are to be expected, where people are temperamental over social and political affairs, where men are liable to changes of mind as sudden and complete as their wives' changes of fashion? Perhaps, it is because the west is young, and youth is always expected to be impulsive, impetuous. In certain respects, too, perhaps, this is the case. Radicalism finds deeper and more permanent root in the western states than in the eastern ones, new ideas are accepted with less questioning, less suspicion, less of a feeling that because they are new they should be looked upon askance. Yet when the west has formed an opinion of a man or a measure, it is much more difficult to change that opinion than it is to convince the east that it has made a mistake.

When I quoted my Tammany friend a few weeks ago, in criticism of President Wilson, stating virtually that the President's bad politics would cost him the vote of the Empire state, and, probably, reelection, you could have stopped the first dozen men you met on Broadway and not less than ten of them would have endorsed, partially if not completely, the Tammany view. A few of them might have deplored the fact of Tammany's power to do what it proposed to do, but they would have admitted that Mr. Wilson's chances were not roseate.

At that time it was cold in New York. The thermometer registered down in the vicinity of zero, and few citizens were sleeping with their windows open. Since then there has come a decided thaw. The weather is almost springlike. It seems as if, in a few days, the seeds and trees will be deceived into believing that winter is over, and send out their new shoots. One almost decides to give his winter overcoat to the deservingly poor. And, meanwhile, also, the President has visited New York and made three speeches. Now, if you go down Broadway and approach a dozen men with the same query as to the status of Mr. Wilson, ten of them will be likely to reply that the President has proved he is a bigger man than they believed. And with all due respect to the carpers of the opposition press, this change of sentiment is traceable in a great measure to one sentence: "If I had learned nothing in fourteen months I would have to admit myself a back number." Again, has the Emerson idea triumphed: "Consistency is the bugaboo of little minds."

Possibly, never since the time of Lincoln has a public man faced and conquered so completely a hostile general sentiment. Of course, there are several newspapers in New York which, if they demanded in their Monday issues that the President should do a certain thing, and if he did it Tuesday, in their Wednesday issue would scold him unreservedly for doing it. Even these, however, have been silenced, so far as the actual arguments concerning preparedness go, and they have fallen back upon two courses. The easier and therefore the more popular, is ridicule. A fair instance of this was a cartoon picturing Mr. Wilson as a modern Paul Revere, riding through the Middle West, warning the people, impersonated by a farmer, to "Prepare," while the son of the soil merely grins and replies, "You're a little late, young feller. Another man has beat you several miles;" in the distance the figure of Roosevelt, riding hellbent, is seen disappearing over the horizon. The other form of attack is to divert, or attempt to divert attention, by picking holes in the government policy on isolated matters such as the Lusitania case. But there has not been one New York newspaper, so far as I have seen, that has been able to find any substantial flaw in the President's general program, as outlined in his speeches here. In other words, Tammany may, as an organization, remain hostile and work to defeat the President, but it will experience considerable difficulty in holding its voters in line. It begins to appear that Mr. Wilson is convincing the people that this is not the time for politics.

* * *

There are few sensations equal in quality and duration to that of a ride through New York harbor on a ferryboat, from the Battery to Staten Island and return, on a foggy night. With a long blast of the whistle the boat edges cautiously out of the slip, past the constantly ringing bell at the entrance, and into the thick mist past the little ring of lights. In a few seconds it is beyond the shelter of the buildings, completely enveloped in a fleecy shroud, the bow of the boat itself hardly visible from the front of the brilliantly lighted saloon. A deckhand brings out a rope, and stretches it across the front of the deck. Passengers are not allowed to pass this rope, fully twenty feet from the prow. There is danger—obvious, constant danger. If there should be a collision, any person standing forward of the rope would, doubtless, be hurled into the water, or injured by flying splinters. Only one of the officers goes beyond the rope. He paces back and forth, peering into the fog, which grows thicker every instant, if that can be said to grow thicker which already is opaque. At least streaks of fog, whiter than the rest, long streamers of billowing muslin, blow in from the Atlantic.

In every direction are heard hoarse, short blasts of whistles. They are loud so that the steersmen of other craft may hear; they are short so that they may hear the warnings from other craft. A few of them are shiveringly close, it seems. Now and then the ferryboat passes nearer than usual to one of these boats, and its lights glide close, large, luminous spots—no more. No vessel is seen, nothing sustaining the light—just hazy moons. And all the while the whistles in many keys, a cacophony that would enrapture a Richard Strauss. Sometimes there is a different note, more like the sustained bleating of a sheep. Probably, it is a foghorn on a buoy, operated by the action of the waves, or, possibly, by mechanical means. There is no one whom one may ask. You would no more think of asking one of the deckhands such a question, a night like this, than inquiring of a church usher during prayer, who painted the railing of the choir loft.

The boat barely moves through the mists. In fact,

at times, it does not move. This is the most thrilling moment of all, when the slow beating of the paddles ceases altogether, and in the intervals between the whistle blasts all you hear is the soft swish of water against the prow. They are taking no chances. If there is any doubt as to the position of the boat, or its position in relation to that of other vessels, shut down the engines until you are certain. Better to lie in the harbor all night, than to go to the bottom of it. There is a jangle of a bell somewhere on the boat, and the engines start again, slowly, cautiously. The swish of water at the prow grows a little louder, a thought more even.

Where are the landmarks so familiar on other trips across the bay? Have we passed the statue of Liberty? Who can tell? The torch of the immense goddess is smothered as relentlessly as the lesser lights. But why can we not see the lights of St. George? Surely, at the Staten Island end there must be searchlights which will pierce the all-enveloping moisture. Ordinarily, the trip takes about twenty minutes, and now, by the watch, we have been on the water nearly an hour. Have we lost our course? Again the engines stop. Faintly there comes the sound of a bell, ringing incessantly. It recalls the one at the end of the slip at the Battery. It must be St. George. The engines start again and we creep in the direction of the bell. The sound increases in volume; it can be only a few hundred yards distant. Still no lights appear. Our speed is diminished to the slightest perceptible motion. Only that the engines can be heard, slow as the beating of a dying heart, no one could tell we are moving. Then, suddenly, as if someone in the bow had turned an electric switch, there comes a glow of light, the constantly ringing bell is alongside, and the ferryboat glides into the slip at St. George with the mathematical precision of a piston rod sliding through its sleeve. Everyone takes a deep breath, and prepares to land.

After this, the return trip is a joy-ride. The fog must have lifted, or at least thinned to half its former consistency. Lights are now accompanied by huge, vague, dark forms. There is no stopping of the engines, and the blasts upon the whistle are at rather greater intervals. Still we cannot see the Goddess of Liberty or her light on Beddoes Island, and not until we come near Manhattan Island itself do the brilliant lights, high on the skyscrapers, begin to appear. Then, out of the fog, a miracle of enchantment, as sudden as if at the waving of a wizard's wand.

We slip suddenly out of the dense mists into a comparatively clear stretch. All around the water front of Manhattan the lights are gleaming, quite clear, and the outlines of the docks are easily seen. A little higher there is a belt of cloud, a chiffon girdle around the waists of the little family of skyscrapers in the financial center from the Battery to the Woolworth building. Then above these, just veiled enough to give a tone of mystery, the lights in the upper stories of the buildings shine out. It seems like a floating city there, light and airy as a medieval dream. The heart of it is the dome of the Singer building, encrusted with incandescents, while, spread in less flamboyant array, are the more modest illuminations. Poised on that film of cloud, these strange shapes of structures familiar in the daytime, are glorified into a mirage.

The ferryboat, confident again, noses its way into the slip. A wall shuts off the miracle picture. There is the rattle of a windlass. It is all nothing, but a memory.

New York, February 7, 1916.

Race-Generated Hate

I cannot fathom it—it is too deep—
This fierce, enduring hate of race for race,
Which sows a harvest Death alone can reap—
This ageless thing that nothing can efface.

It grows not weary with the growing years;
Old as humanity (a mocking word),
Blood cannot quench it; no, nor all Earth's tears
Cool the hot fever of its wrath when stirred.

Men gladly go its foul and bloody way,
And fight its fights, and sacrifice their all;
And women urge their loved ones to the fray,
And joy to taste its wormwood and its gall.

For what? God knows!—that something in each
breast,

Which, when ennobled, loftily inspires,
But which when loosed in Hatred's hellish quest
Deep sears the soul with pestilential fires.

To a Kindly Critic
(Myself)

You say that my verses are pleasing,
Yet somehow, somewhere, there's a lack;
My Pegasus travels too smoothly—
An ambling, contented old hack.

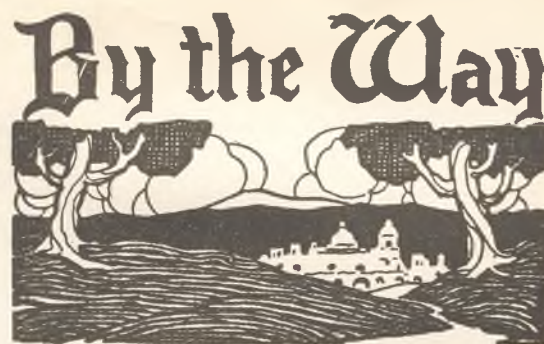
You say that at times, when thought-laden,
He often slows down to a walk;
But admit that his gait is a sure one
With seldom a halt or a balk.

Sometimes you quite wish he would stumble;
For though when I spur him with wit,
He may speed to a jog, yet he never
Compels me to draw on the bit.

What would you? A touch of the whip-lash
To urge to a canter at least?
Ah, well! we've grown stiff-kneed together;
So pity and humor the beast!

—W. H. ANDERSON

Recently, that sweet singer and altogether delightful person, Estelle Heartt Dreyfus, invested in one of the modest moderate-priced, enclosed drive, nearly limousine automobiles. A young acquaintance remarked to her, "Ah, I see you have a 'Tin Lizzie.'" To which Estelle gurgled in her rich contralto, "O, no! Mine is a 'glass chauncy.'"



Felicitations to Ruth Sterry

Is there any earthly pleasure equal to that of saying "I told you so?" Last summer when Ruth Sterry, the leading "sob sister" of the Evening Herald, landed a story in Life's short story contest, I ventured to predict that her excellent offering, "His Journey's End," would come near to winning the capital prize in that interesting literary scramble. Wednesday morning, Miss Sterry received a telegram from Life telling her that her story had been selected as one of the twelve best in the 57,000 which were submitted. From these twelve stories are to be chosen the three which will capture the prizes of \$1,000, \$500 and \$250 that the New York periodical is offering. The method in which the final selection is to be made is interesting. Copies of the twelve stories will be sent to the twelve authors, who are to vote on first, second and third choice and unless their vote results in a tie they will determine the prize winners. Life's editors make allowances for human nature in announcing that they presume each author will give his own story first choice and that it will be the seconds and thirds which will determine the contest. I have not seen the other eleven stories chosen as best, but if they equal Miss Sterry's in finely polished dramatic appeal it is an unusual collection of little literary gems which Life has brought together.

Wilbur Hall Gets a Hand

For several years Wilbur Hall, that erstwhile Los Angeles newspaper reporter who is now a gentleman farmer of San Gabriel, has been receiving suitable financial returns from his excellent literary output, the principal product of his ranch, I believe, but it must be distinctly encouraging to this promising young author, as well as gratifying to his many friends, to see that his work is attracting the favorable attention of the leading critics of the country. I notice that Edward J. O'Brien in selecting the best short stories of 1915 for his annual critical article in the Boston Transcript includes on his honor roll of the ninety-one best stories of the year Wilbur's "Fiddler of Glory Hole," which was hailed as a remarkable tale upon its publication in Collier's a few months ago. I am glad to be able to congratulate Wilbur upon the showing he has made since he forsook the daily news grind. His work, I hear, is in steady demand by eastern publishers who look upon him as one of the coming fiction writers of America.

Los Angeles Tripper in Gotham

Bruce Macneil, so well known in Los Angeles and Pasadena social circles, and a cousin of Sayre Macneil of this city, is making his first visit to New York City. To a friend he sends this humorous account of his impressions: "This is sure some town—but not for me. Have been to Rector's, Sherry's, Delmonico's, most of the hotels, Gaby Deslys, the Hip and other places—eaten enough to keep the Belgian army a year or two, and am now waiting for the undertaker. The absolute disregard for money here is something to wonder about. All theater seats are more than double what they should be and then not enough. Cafes charge a nice small ransom after getting you in. Every one uses Pol Roger to bathe in and smokes nothing but large, black cigars. The hotels are so crowded that you are always trying to find the center to see who is fighting or has died. They keep the inside of all these places so hot that you want to go outside to get your summer clothes. Then you step out and, whang! a piece of ice drops down your back, your feet fly out from under you and one of your ears freezes and drops off and in general you have a h—l of a time. Well, I'm off to see Gyn the Blood and kindred spirits in their own haunts. Hope to come out alive."

Fred Jackson Meets His Fate

After a prolonged illness against the inroads of which Fred Jackson, the former well-known banker of San Diego made a gallant fight for recovery, he succumbed late Sunday night to the disease at the Pot-tenger sanitarium at Monrovia. He had passed a pleasant day and was feeling particularly cheerful at retiring time when a sudden hemorrhage intervened and in half an hour he was lifeless. Mrs. Jackson was at their San Diego home at the time and was brought north in the Spreckels' yacht, in the dearest of other transportation. She has been unremitting in her devotion to the sick man and was hopeful of his ultimate recovery; the sudden ending came as a great shock to her. Fred Jackson had many friends in Los Angeles, his nearest and dearest being Dr. John C. Ferbert, who had employed every means known to science to effect a restoration to health. The Jackson home at San Diego is one of the show places of the Bay City.

Celtic Club's Good Evening

Tuesday the first dinner of the Celtic Club under the presidency of Dr. Walter Lindley came off at the Sierra Madre Club rooms. Fears were entertained that Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree, the special guest of the evening, would not be present; and he did not arrive until after the banquet. His excuse was "gout"—not helped by a recent fall while entering an automobile. He was in good form, however, to talk and received quite an ovation. As with many actors, im-

promptly speaking seems to make him nervous and fidgety. He told several good stories—one of an Irish jarvey whom he tipped with a shilling. The jarvey wanted four. "Sure, Sir Henry Irving gave me three shillings, and you're a greater actor than Sir Henry." But the extra shillings were not forthcoming. And as he drove off there came the derisive climax, "In your own estimation!" Sir Herbert is here to superintend a film production of Shakespeare's plays, which will do for "movie" audiences what Lamb did for book readers. Other speakers were Mr. Lawshe, who talked on Philippine independence, deploring the Jones bill; his remarks seemed to impress Sir Herbert greatly. Sydney Hobin, the Australian pianist gave fine renditions on the piano, and there were other good musical treats from E. M. Bonnell, R. L. Smith and Dr. Alison Gaw.

Confirmation of a Just Decision

Government efficiency and discernment are to be noted in the comparatively prompt manner in which the secretary of the interior has confirmed the action of the general land office in discouraging the efforts of young Kenneth Wallace to homestead a bit of land in the middle of the beautiful estates of Henry E. Huntington and George S. Patton. Spanish land grants were all more or less confusing in surveys and to attempt to take advantage of a slight dissimilarity in the amount of acreage contained in one did not, to all minds, smack of sincerity, particularly when the property in dispute had been in the possession of the holders for more than forty years. All that remains for them to do now, I understand, is to submit proofs of occupancy and pay over to the government the price stipulated in legislation adopted nearly half a century ago. At the time the young squatter occupied the land in question, last year, his attorney remarked to a newspaper reporter, so I have heard, "I wonder what would have happened to Wallace if he had been a poor Mexican, instead of the son of a former governor." Probably, he would have received more cavalier treatment, in which case there would have been no expense; and no need to apply to Washington for redress.

Portend of Coming Events

Persons prone to the slight elevation of one foot and the resting of an elbow on shiny mahogany counters tell me that far from being pleased at the city council's decision that hot lunches shall not hereafter be served in saloons, the proprietors of the thirst-quenching emporiums are indignant because of the decree. One argument which the retail liquor men are using against the ruling is that if the authorities would advance the cause of temperance they might better, instead of curtailing the free lunch, make it obligatory that food be served with every drink, as it is a commonly-accepted belief that the person who eats when he drinks liquor never becomes intoxicated and that he ignores the stronger spirits in favor of beer or wine. How much wiser and simpler to have postponed action of any sort until after the first Tuesday following the first Monday in November, when all such legislation may be unnecessary.

Alhambra Getting Gay

Once upon a time I called the peaceful, exceedingly proper little town of Alhambra, home, and enjoyed, in a measure and for a few hours out of every twenty-four, the sane, respectable, simple life of that community. But there is such a thing, I believe, as carrying this simple life propaganda to extremes and I am really shocked at the changed conditions in prim and proper Alhambra which are indicated by the appended bit of printed evidence from the Advocate of that city: "Physical Director, C. R. Church of Alhambra high invites, through the Advocate, the business men of Alhambra to come to the gymnasium Tuesday evening to indulge in athletic sports such as a volley ball and other light sports. This will furnish them the physical exercise that will be beneficial to them. All that is required is the wearing of tennis shoes on the gym floor." Alas, and the women folk not invited!

Sacred to the Memory

Yesterday, after a long distance funeral extending all the way across the continent from Syracuse, N. Y., the remains of old General Gloom were consigned to a watery grave in the Pacific Ocean, the Rotary Club of Los Angeles officiating at the obsequies, with thirteen other local civic organizations sending representatives. The pall-bearers were five hundred members of the order of Noc-no-mor, who have had charge of the late warrior's body since he was done to death by the Rotary Club of Syracuse January 1 and started on his westward trip. Special ceremonies, not so much in memoriam to the deceased as in celebration of his demise, have been held in Cleveland, Detroit, Chicago, Omaha, Kansas City, Denver and Salt Lake City and his last journey ended with an exceedingly appropriate observance here yesterday. It was a lively manifestation of the spirit of business optimism which is reaching out from the prosperous east to the slightly more backward west.

Wills Has a Winning Way

Thirty-eight and unmarried, that is an unusual as it is an alluring announcement to make about any hotel man, yet such, it is said, is the unfettered condition of H. W. Wills, who has come to the Alexandria to be one of the assistant managers to Vernon Goodwin, managing director. Mr. Wills, a well known hotel man who once directed the activities of Hotel del Coronado, in no way supplants popular William H. Sibball, assistant manager of the Alexandria, but hereafter the big hostelry is to have two instead of only one man in that position. For the last four years the newcomer has been managing the Bellevue Hotel in San Francisco. Before that he was assistant manager at the St. Francis and is thoroughly familiar with the class of patronage the Alexandria enjoys. Mr. Wills will be a distinct addition to golfing circles hereabouts. In the north he was vice-president of the Presidio Gold Club. The engaging of another assistant manager indicates greater activity at the Alexandria and

inquiry has brought out that the hotel's business thus far this year is twenty-five per cent in excess of that for the same period last year.

Johnny Powers to Take Office

Next Monday evening the new mayor of Rowanburg is to hold his inaugural ball in his beautiful city, which to the every-day eye bears the inscription on its portals "Los Angeles Athletic Club." John F. Powers is the newly-elected mayor and probably he is delighted at the prospect of discharging this social duty before the trials of his Los Angeles baseball club become too acute. At the same time Johnny's cabinet is to take office. His selections for this exclusive body, membership in which goes by favor, are headed by the man he defeated for the mayoralty, C. C. C. Tatum. The other members are L. V. Starr, George P. Quigley, W. M. Beamish, Fred Barman, Jr., Frank M. Hauser, J. Walter Kays, W. E. Bush, H. P. Densel and Leo P. Bergin.

Jimmy Pope as Public Defender

Another ambitious young man has been graduated from the newspaper world to legal circles and "Jimmy" Pope, well known court-house reporter, has won appointment as public defender in the city police courts. Lately, Jimmy has been with the Herald and in the city room formerly cheered by his engaging presence there now hangs a large picture of the new public defender, to which has been affixed the inscription "I love the common peepul!" Pope made a good showing in the competitive examination for the position, having an average of 88.6 per cent, well above his nearest competitors and high above many men who have been for years in the profession to which he was but recently admitted. The esteem in which the graduate newspaper man is held by his former associates may be judged by a poem which has long been pasted to the wall in the Herald office, a verse from which is printed here, not, however, because of its presumed poetical value:

I'd like to be Jim Pope. His face
Will prove his fortune; for Jim, he's
Like a kid, and kidlike, true; Pace
What it may be, he'll win his fees.

Veteran Entertainers Getting Busy

These are busy days for Motley Flint, Perry Weidner and other members of the local Knights Templar committee which already is busily engaged in arranging for the largest national gathering of the fraternity ever held, to take place in this city from June 17 to 24. The program of entertainment for the eight days has been completed, and 150,000 copies mailed to members throughout the country. A glance at it indicates that Los Angeles is preparing to sustain its reputation for supplying a good time every minute. There are to be floral parades—they should be most beautiful, for even here June remains preeminently the "month of roses"—electrical parades, receptions galore, trips to Catalina, Pasadena and other of our celebrated suburban points, banquets whenever they can be slipped in and enough exhibition drills to let Los Angelans as well as visiting knights see how well a Knight Templar on parade can wear his handsome uniform. The way in which the larger orders like the Knights Templar, Shriners and Elks come back here again and again for their annual conventions—as often as the claims of the country at large will permit—shows that these affairs are decidedly successful in hatching prospective Californians.

Giving Railroads an Even Break

It seems to me that the essence of the auto bus situation in this vicinity has never been better summed up than by W. V. Hill, secretary of the Electric Railway Association of California, when in his annual report to that organization he said: "The jitney is not here to develop the outlying districts, but may be classified as a parasite, taking the cream of the traffic and leaving the long hauls through sparsely settled districts to the electric lines. Mr. Hill commends the moves which have been made in several communities to curb the bus evil by making it as amenable to regulation as are other common carriers, calling attention to the stand of three cities, Venice, Fresno and San Diego, which declined to issue licenses to the jitneys to compete with electric lines that are giving adequate service; and to Riverside, which refused to issue licenses except along routes where there are no electric facilities. Even Los Angeles, prone to accept many fads, sustained by popular vote the placing of the busses under the regulation of the board of public utilities. The menace which these busses represent to established and heavily investing railways was told by Mr. Hill in his report: "It is not necessary for the jitney bus to take away more than five or ten per cent of electric railway revenue materially to affect the continued operation and future growth of electric lines," he said, "for in many cases it places them where they cannot meet operating expenses, let alone interest on investment. The public must realize that the electric railways of this state are not very profitable investments when you consider that 5 1/4 per cent of their gross earnings must be paid to the state; about 10 per cent absorbed in paving and maintaining their tracks, an average of 2 per cent of gross earnings paid to cities under terms of the franchises; while, aside from taxes and maintenance of streets, the amount that goes to pay rolls is far in excess of all other items put together. Adding interest charges to these figures, it does not require the loss of a large per cent of earnings to bring about a serious situation." I believe the public is awakening to the necessity of giving the railways an even break with the busses, by enforcing regulation of the jitneys as it has for years of the street cars.

As Leaf and Fruit

'Tis well that thou and I can be
As leaf and fruit upon the tree;
Not blossom-time for thee and me,
For us, Love's full maturity!

—EDITH DALEY

GRAPHITES

Why and what is an automobile headlight? Why frost the lower half of the glass as a dimmer? The purpose of the headlight is of course to collect all the rays from a small light and reflect them forward, so as to cast a brilliant light on the road ahead of the car. The objection is that it blinds pedestrians and drivers of approaching cars. The object of the dimmer is to cut out the light rays which make the trouble and leave undisturbed those which light up the road. The reflection of a true search light is a parabola, and all the reflected rays are thrown forward in parallel lines. To dim such a light the upper half of the glass should be frosted, or better still, the light tipped slightly down and the upper edge extended farther forward and curved down a little. If, however, the reflector is a section of an ellipse, the light placed in one focus, the reflected rays would cross at the other focus, and those from the lower half of the reflector would be the trouble makers and frosting the lower half of the glass the best possible way of dimming the light. Also, if the front glass is a condenser (magnifier), that is thicker in the middle than at the edges, the same conditions would hold as with the elliptical reflector.

* * *

When one man's loss measures the other's gain it is a gamble, not business. And no gambler will long resist the temptation to use marked cards or other cheating devices. When a German manufacturer floods the country with goods sold for less than cost to put a competitor in that part of the world out of business he is only a crooked gambler. When an Englishman demands that the war be continued till the German foreign trade is destroyed beyond possibility of recovery he is in the same class. When the American cheats his countryman by aid of excessive tariff, railroad rebates, or other means of unfair competition, he becomes the same kind of a crook. Dishonest greed is the only excuse for such action. There are honest chances a-plenty for all.

* * *

Scratch a Russian, will you find a Tartar? To get a clear understanding of this question one must remember that the Finns, Letts, Huns, Magyars, and Bulgars are blood brothers of the Tartars. The Finns and Letts were in Central Russia before 1000 B. C. The Huns, Magyars and Bulgars each passed a few centuries in the Volga country before moving southwest and there are still scattered remnants of all these tribes in various parts of the country. The Tartars did not drive out the Indo-European Russian inhabitants when they conquered Russia in the thirteenth century, and the two people have continued to live together. Yet at the present day the majority of the people are distinctly either Indo-European or Finno-Tartar, not a mixed race. Names of certain sorts are recognized as of Tartar origin though the bearers frequently appear to be pure Russians.

* * *

How is this for condensed newspaper misinformation: "Whitecloud (a Pamunkey Indian from Virginia who went west in 1871)—moved—later to Colorado where he was employed as a scout by Col. Joseph Hooker of the Ninth U. S. Cavalry. After serving more than two years with Col. Hooker, Whitecloud was transferred to the command of General Custer and led his brigade up the Platte Valley to the battle of the Little Big Horn." Hooker was retired in 1868; he never served in the west after the Civil War. The Platte Valley is several hundred miles away from Custer's route to his final battle. Civilized (or savage) Indians were selected as scouts because of their knowledge of the country, not transferred to strange districts they knew nothing about. Custer commanded a regiment not a brigade. With these minor exceptions the statement may be correct.

* * *

In a literary quarterly one would hardly expect to find a sermon. Yet in a recent Yale Review, Benjamin Bacon preaches, in both form and substance, a magnificent sermon. Using the methods and results of German biblical criticism he applies to the modern struggle between "Imperialism and the Christian Ideal," the text and ideas of both old testament prophets and the apostles. In a most illuminating manner he claims that "If it can be shown that the present struggle of the nations is but a recrudescence of that which was fought out between Christianity and the Roman empire, civilization can be reconstructed on a firmer basis because more genuinely Christian—and once the futility of the sword is proved, they may read the moral of evolution in a more Christian light, substituting a doctrine of the survival of the morally fittest for a doctrine of the brutally strongest."

John Masefield has written what might be called a reticent biography of Synge from which the New York Times quotes this passage: "People have stated that Synge's masters in art were the writers of the French decadent school of the eighteen-nineties—Verlaine, Mallarme, J. K. Huysmans. . . . Synge has read these writers (who has not?). I often talked of them with him. So far as I know they were the only writers for whom he expressed dislike. As a craftsman he respected their skill; as an artist he disliked their vision."

Edith Thomas, one of the editors of Harper's Magazine and a poet of merit has changed her opinion about the war. When it began she marched in the woman's peace parade and wrote "The White Messenger and Other Poems" "in the name of humanity." Now she says that she would never march in a peace parade again. "It is like trying to sweep the Atlantic ocean out of one's door yard with a broom." She seems to feel that it is more important now that people, (writers in particular), should express their sympathies on the right side, even while the government remains neutral and she glorifies the women who are fighting in the ranks with their men. It is a curious change of opinion.

Music

By W. Francis Gates

FOREWARNED by what the phonograph has told of the beauty of Emmy Destinn's voice and the perfection of her art, musical Los Angeles went to the Destinn recital at Trinity last Tuesday evening with anticipations of delight, which were met to the full. In a given six weeks we have seven soprano song recitals from Destinn, Fay, Melba, Alda and Hinkle—to say nothing of Clifford Lott—but I doubt whether more artistry will be displayed in any of them than was allotted the audience of last Tuesday night. The only fly in the ointment was that the upper and louder dramatic tones were not steady as to pitch—a matter which may be an absolute asset on the operatic stage, but which is less enjoyable in concert. Miss Destinn's program was distinctly un-hackneyed, and contained a number of selections from Bohemian sources—her native land—which were given in the most delightful style. A book of words would have been useful, to those whose vocabulary is mainly English. The audience enjoyed the entire program, but waited with eager expectation to hear the Puccini opera arias, in which the artist had made her greatest reputation.

In the hands of a minor singer they would have been somewhat hackneyed; but from Miss Destinn they came with authority, and not only that, but with an opulence of tonal beauty that is extremely rare. Referring to the quality of the upper tones, spoken of above, when Miss Destinn used a medium or soft tone, none of the objectionable feature was notable—on the other hand, the quality, it seemed to me, was as beautiful as it is possible for human to make. Possibly, there are in Los Angeles 1500 vocal students. Here was the highest exponent of artistic singing that could be brought before them. To an observing student, such a recital would be worth several lessons. Yet how many students took advantage of it? This afternoon another similar opportunity will be afforded by the same artist. Roderick White appealed to the same sense of tonal beauty by his violin playing, which did not suffer by proximity to so great a recitalist as Miss Destinn. Mr. Samuels was all that could be asked as accompanist.

This evening the third popular concert by the Los Angeles Symphony Orchestra will be played at Trinity Auditorium. Miss Ida Selby, one of Los Angeles' youngest and most finished artists, will be the soloist, playing the Greig concerto in A minor. The great Scandinavian composer is most popular here and while not essentially a man for orchestra he has achieved a delightful combination of pianism and orchestral effect in this work. Miss Selby interprets his spirit well and as this will be her premier with a local orchestra her appearance will have double interest. Adolf Tandler's compositions are to find place upon the program and there will also be a harp solo by that master artist, S. R. Valaza.

Tschaikowsky will dominate the program for the next concerts of the Los Angeles Symphony Orchestra, to be given Friday and Saturday of next week. The Symphony will be the Sixth or Pathetic, in which many critics declare they find a firm determination of the composer to make it his swan song. As his death occurred soon after its completion, there is ground for the supposition. A charming "suite Casse-Noisette," which embodies a fairy tale play, the overture to Romeo and Juliet, and the "Marche Slave" will complete the program which Adolf Tandler may be expected to conduct with his usual temperamental sympathy with the composer.

It was a pleasant tribute to the founder and former director of our symphony orchestra that Mr. Timmner should give the Hamilton caprice its first public presentation; but it was sad that its composer was confined to a hospital bed from an operation, unable to hear this able presentation of his interesting composition. Mr. Hamilton too rarely displays his abilities as composer; this work of his frequently should be heard on recital and concert programs

from violinists able to do it justice; for instance, giving one of the many Kreisler arrangements a temporary rest. Mrs. Hennion Robinson accompanied Mr. Timmner, and no better choice could have been made by him for a pianist for his recital.

Constance Balfour, Jaime Overton and Henri La Bonte will appear at the Tuesday morning musicale, February 15, in the Alexandria ballroom. The concert, which is to be under the direction of Mr. La Bonte, will be the first of a series, the second to be given March 7, and will be similar to those conducted by Bagby at the Waldorf in New York each winter. Constance Balfour, who has sung her way around the world, is well known locally. Jaime Overton has played with the Berlin Philharmonic



Jaime Overton, Violinist

Orchestra and with other important musical organizations. He is a talented Los Angeles boy. Henri La Bonte, also, is as well known here as in London and New York. The following program will be given:

Variations (uber ein Thema von Corelli) (Tartini), Romance (Kreisler), Preludium und Allegro (Pugnani), Jaime Overton; Aria Depuis le jour "Louise" (Charpentier), Constance Balfour; Ave Maria (Schubert-Wilhelmj), Moto Perpetuo (Novacek), German Dance (Dittersdorf), Jaime Overton; Gieb mir dein Herze (Hans Hermann), Stille Sicherheit (Robert Franz), Gretchen am Spinnrade (Schubert), Constance Balfour. By special request Mr. Henri La Bonte will sing a group of French songs. Marguerita (Mrs. William Wiley-Johnston), Willow Song (S. Coleridge-Taylor), Sweetheart Thy Lips are Touched with Flame (George Chadwick), Constance Balfour. Mr. Will Garraway at piano.

In a recital at Trinity auditorium last Friday night, Christian Timmner, violinist, introduced himself to Los Angeles. Mr. Timmner was a pupil of Wieniawski and Joachim, and former concert master of an Amsterdam orchestra; so there was considerable interest shown in his first recital here. His program was long, containing two concertos, (Mozart and Bruch), besides seven shorter numbers from Beethoven, Saint Saens, Wieniawski, Eichorn, Schumann and Bach, to which was added the first performance of an "Intermezzo Caprice" by Harley Hamilton, recently published by Messrs. Colby and Prybil. In all this array, Mr. Timmner proved an artist of unusual powers. While the intonation of his highest positions showed something of nervousness, he has a technic that enabled him adequately to present such taxing works as the Bruch concerto and the Bach chaconne. Added to this he covers the gamut of

Mr. Henri La Bonte Announces the First of a Series of "Musical Mornings"

In the Ballroom at HOTEL ALEXANDRIA FEB. 15, 11 A. M.

MISS CONSTANCE BALFOUR, Soprano
MR. JAIME OVERTON, Violinist

Tickets \$1.00

Henri La Bonte, 333 Blanchard Hall, Los Angeles

musical feeling from breadth and depth to delicacy and tenderness with all acceptance. Mr. Timmner's program would have been more effective by omission of the Mozart and Beethoven numbers, and the remainder would have been ample proof of his powers. But it must be said to his credit that he held his good sized audience to the end, even with the immensely technical Bach chaconne as the finale, which is like serving dried beef as the last course of a banquet. Most violinists feel that if they play the chaconne at all it must be placed early on the program, thus doing their duty to the lamented dead and not interfering seriously with the modern interest.

Mr. and Mrs. Timmner and Brahm van den Berg have formed an instrumental group called "The Netherlands Trio." The individual ability of each of these artists is such that they undoubtedly will be able to reach as high a mark of artistic perfection as any similar organization in the western two-thirds of the continent. Their opening recital will be awaited with interest.

At the February meeting and dinner of the Gamut Club, the guest of honor was Mrs. Edward MacDowell, who was given a reception of which any artist might be proud. She told of the work and purposes of the MacDowell Association and the restful opportunities the MacDowell estate offers to art workers, as well as the best environment for artistic work. Her impromptu remarks were especially interesting to those who knew her husband and who were acquainted with his last wishes for the foundation of such an artist colony. Other guests were Charlotte Hoone, who is a delightful cornetist, playing with rare grace and skill, Carol McComas, a Los Angeles girl who is making her way to the headlines of histrionics, William C. Piersch, baritone, recently of New York, Wilbur Crane, acting in picture studio, Margaret Goetz, contralto, and Edmund Mitchell, world traveler, who described the wonderful buried cities of Cambodia. A message of greeting was sent to Harley Hamilton, the second president of the club, who recently underwent an operation at the Angelus hospital. It is reported that he is recovering satisfactorily, which will be good news to the many who have profited by his long years of work for the musical good of Los Angeles.

Mrs. MacDowell, I understand, has a number of engagements booked in and near Los Angeles, as well as several receptions given in her honor. The Dominant Club entertained her last Saturday afternoon at the Ebell club house; Sunday afternoon she was the guest of honor at a musicians' reception given by Mrs. E. W. Martindale of Lucas street, and Monday by Mrs. G. F. Putnam. Tuesday Mrs. MacDowell played a program for the Friday Morning Club and Friday a public recital at Blanchard Hall. The wonderfully strong and brave spirit that Mrs. MacDowell shows in all this musical and social activity is for the good of the MacDowell artist colony at Peterboro, N. H., in which she is carrying out the wishes of her celebrated husband.

Messrs. W. H. Lott and F. H. Colby are making an active canvass of musicians for members for the Los Angeles Music Teachers' Association—notice the name, please, and get the idea that the dues paid to this association remain here in Los Angeles for its expenses. Formerly, a goodly share was sent to San Francisco for the expenses of the state association. Outside of teachers of music—who will show their desire for broadening their musical and social horizon by belonging to such an association or their narrowness of spirit by remaining out of it—there is opportunity for associate membership by those who are not active in musical affairs or teaching but who can achieve the same results by attending the meetings and concerts of the association. The regular time of meeting is the first Friday evening of the month, at the Gamut Club; and the musical programs are of much merit.

Of interest to all lovers of the best in music is the announcement of a return engagement of Melba, the famous lyric soprano. With her assisting company, Ada Sassoli, harp soloist; Emilie Puy-

Children's Photographs

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NOTICE TO STOCKHOLDERS OF HIBERNIAN SAVINGS BANK

Notice is hereby given that by and in pursuance of a resolution and order of the Board of Directors of the Hibernian Savings Bank, a corporation, organized and existing under the laws of the State of California, unanimously adopted at a regular meeting of said Board, held on the 12th day of January, 1916, a meeting of the stockholders has been called for and will be held at the office and principal place of business of said corporation, to-wit, at its banking room, second floor, Hibernian Building, Southeast corner of Fourth and Spring Streets, in the City of Los Angeles, County of Los Angeles, State of California, on Wednesday, the 12th day of April, 1916, at the hour of 3:00 o'clock on the afternoon of that day, for the purpose of considering and acting upon the proposition of increasing the capital stock of said corporation from Three Hundred Fifty Thousand Dollars (\$350,000), divided into Three Thousand Five Hundred (\$3,500) shares of the par value of One Hundred Dollars (\$100) each, to the amount of Five Hundred Thousand Dollars (\$500,000), divided into Five Thousand (5,000) shares, of the par value of One Hundred Dollars (\$100) each, and to transact all such other business as properly pertains to or is connected with such increase of capital stock.

By order of the Board of Directors.

Dated this 12th day of January, 1916.

A. M. GIBBS,

Secretary of Hibernian Savings Bank, a corporation.
Jan. 15—April 8.

ans, flautist; Frank St. Leger, pianist, and Uda Waldrop, accompanist, Melba will present a program of exceptional brilliancy, Saturday afternoon, February 26, at Trinity auditorium. This will be the only appearance of the great diva in this city prior to her return to her home in Australia.

Estelle Heartt Dreyfus has arranged for three song programs at the Little Theater, March 11 and 25 and April 11, the first two in the afternoon and the last in the evening. Each program will follow a special line of selection.

The afternoon of February 20, a notable group of performers will give a program at the Alexandria, hotel for the benefit of the German American Red Cross society. They are Maria Jung-Heger, Franz Egenieff, and Cornelia Possart, pianist, all of more than national reputation.

Next Tuesday night the Ellis Club will give its first 1916 concert at Trinity Auditorium.

Soloists at the popular concert of the symphony orchestra tonight are Ida Selby, pianist, and R. S. Valenza, harpist, both being prominent local performers on their respective instruments.

Announced for last night at the Gamut Club is a program of French songs given for the benefit of the French-Belgian Red Cross society. Mr. Dupuy can sing French to his heart's content, knowing that his audience is with him in tongue and national spirit. His program is historically arranged from the tenth century down. He is assisted by Mrs. Bernard and Mr. Garraway. Senator La Fontaine of Belgium is programmed for an address.

Newly elected directors of the Gamut Club are F. W. Blanchard, L. E. Behymer, Chas. E. Pemberton, Charles Post, Dr. William Duffield, Dr. Andrew S. Lobinger, and J. A. Anderson, with two more directors to be elected later.

Cheaters

By Robert O. Foote

IN "The Only Girl," the attraction this week at the Mason Opera House, is shown a tuneful, witty, musical comedy from which the average attendant is likely to come away forgetting the amusement afforded him in a slight feeling of disappointment fostered by the belief that the cast has not given him all the laughs that should have been his, considering the excellent material with which it worked. Henry Blossom is credited with the book and lyrics of "The Only Girl." Its fundamental story was welcomed as an old friend, that stock favorite "Our Wives," but never in its basic form was it couched in the sparkling dialogue that Mr. Blossom has given it. The plot is a more elaborate one than generally found in entertainment of this kind. Even so, it is hardly

cally, is Genevieve Houghton, in a comparatively minor part. Franklyn Farnum, as Alan Kimbrough, the librettist, also is excellent. Ruth Wilson, in the lead, is generously good to look upon. Cecilia Novasio, the soubrette, is pretty, but lacks the "pep" which Adele Rowland gave to the role in the original production, in which she earned a big New York reputation. The appearance of the small chorus probably had much to do with the ready response to the appeal for support for the home for aged actors.

Current Attractions at the Orpheum

Meritorious and mediocre vaudeville turns are jumbled together on what is scarcely a remarkable program at the Orpheum this week. Once upon a time there was a variety aggregation known



JULIETTE DAY IN "TWIN BEDS" AT MASON

involved enough to divert attention from the pretty lyrics and the melodious airs Victor Herbert has provided. A comic opera librettist finds a collaborator in a beautiful young woman composer, makes a bargain with her that their relations are to be entirely on a business plane and finally discovers in her "The Only Girl," despite the tearful warnings of three friends who likewise have found the only girl and lived to regret it. There are enough ideas in the book to admit of the introduction of many songs of at least blood relation. The most impressionistic, apparently, is "When Your Ankle Wears the Ball and Chain," which, by the way, refers to matrimonial gyves. "When You're Away" is the lyric which furnishes the musical theme. It is of cloying saccharine quality. The authors seem to have been a bit too economical with their songs, offering but fourteen where a considerable portion of comedy could be happily spared to afford room for fourteen more. In short, "The Only Girl" is a decidedly good musical comedy vehicle, but for the most part the group of conscientious actors presenting it here do not get it over the footlights for its full value. Quite the most satisfactory, vocally and histrioni-

as the Empire City Quartette which was the favorite of its kind in vaudeville. One-half of that organization is back this week in the persons of Harry Mayo and Harry Tally, who are carrying off the greater meed of public approval on the current bill. So harmonious are they, not merely in melody, but also in their slow, but exceedingly sure comedy work, that the two absent members are not missed. Mayo and Tally have a wide acquaintance, even having known Heinze when he had only one pickle. As the poet feelingly remarked of life, so is it in vaudeville this week, it is the old friends that are the best. Mrs. Gene Hughes and her excellent little company are back in "Youth," which has lost none of its juvenility. The sound philosophy of the woman who was younger than her own grand-daughter and proposed to stay so, possesses, in this day and age, a doctrine which is wide in appeal and, in this sketch, skillfully presented. For the most part bell ringers have forsaken vaudeville, or rather been forsaken by vaudeville, and have been forced to confine their activities to opening Chautauqua programs for William Jennings Bryan. There is a group of them here this week, how-

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Two Mack Sennett Keystone Comedies

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Week Beginning Monday, February 14

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Week Starting Monday.

William Fox presents Henry Irving's famous stage success

"The Fool's Revenge"

Featuring MAUDE GILBERT and WILLIAM TOOKER

ever, who vary the usual bell ringing entertainment with well rendered vocal selections in which they have the assistance of Lloyd Garrett, a boy soprano, whose attractive face goes well with his unusual voice. Mae Francis gives a few of the latest songs in a way to make one wonder why she omits that former favorite "Personality," which she appears to have in good measure. Eva Taylor and a small company have a sketch of a kind now, fortunately, seldom seen on the Orpheum circuit, a poorly constructed thing called "Suspicious of Hubby," in which Lawrence Grattan steals honors from the star. Burley and Burley may be forgiven for their sad line of "patter" because of their really unusual contortions. Comfort and

ducers of his caliber are imparting to it. For once Roscoe Arbuckle is seen in a "straight" role in the Mack Sennett Keystone comedy, "He Did and He Didn't," which is also on the Majestic program this week. It is an unusual situation for Roscoe, but he has lovely Mabel Normand always near him, particularly a mental vision of her, when he is jealous, and, evidently, the audiences like the change.

Ince seems rather to dominate the Triangle houses this week. The days of chivalry and swashbuckling romance may be gone but interest in them remains and "D'Artagnan" at the Burbank this week is offered a photoplay in which they are brought back to us with real understanding, free from those

in the big cast, including Burt Wesner, Grace Travers, Ida St. Leon, Lillian Elliott, James Corrigan, James K. Applebee, Harry Duffield and others.

"Twin Beds" at the Mason

"Twin Beds," the laugh festival by Margaret Mayo and Salisbury Field which Selwyn and Company will present at the Mason Opera House next week, opening Monday, comes here with the endorsement of a run of precisely fifty-two weeks in New York. "Twin Beds" is described as a clean farce, as well as an amusing one that has more than mere situation to recommend it. A group of people whose distresses arise from too close a proximity in an apartment house, provides the skeleton for the action. Three couples entangle themselves in calamity after calamity in their misguided efforts to escape one another and all future mention of neighborliness. Everyone of these six people is said to be funny in a different way, distinctly his own. The cast of the company will include Juliette Day, J. Morrill Morrison, Marian Lord, P. Paul Porcasi, Editha Maxham, William Weston, Eleanor Wilton and others.

Coming Attractions at Orpheum

Evelyn Nesbit and Jack Clifford, her dancing partner, will make their much-heralded bow at the Orpheum next Monday. Miss Nesbit has been before the public eye, perhaps, more than any other woman of her generation, yet in the years she was receiving so much notoriety the Orpheum never sought her in any way as an attraction. But Evelyn Nesbit, in retirement, developed her singing voice and further improved her admitted dancing ability. When these forms of entertainment were perfected, she sought engagements based not on her name or past but on her present worth and found the Orpheum doors open to her. She has proved, strictly on ability, one of the best attractions the circuit has presented in years. With Jack Clifford, her admirable partner, she does songs and dances that are said to be exceptionally fine. Next week the Orpheum also will offer a big musical comedy skit, "The Bachelor Dinner," with a company of fifteen, headed by Jack Henry, Rose Gardner and Joseph B. Roberts. Tuscano brothers, battle axe jugglers, and Major Mack Rhodes, the boy violinist wonder, will be other new numbers, while the bill will be completed by the retention of Eva Taylor and Company, the Dunubar Bell Ringers and Mayor and Tally, together with the news views and orchestral concerts.

Brilliant Comedy at the Majestic

At the Majestic next week, opening Monday, Douglas Fairbanks, acclaimed by critics to have duplicated his stage success in photodramas, will be seen in a brilliant comedy, "His Picture in the



EVELYN NESBIT, COMING TO ORPHEUM NEXT WEEK

King repeat "Coon Town Divorcons" which they gave last week and James Dutton's beautiful equestrian spectacle also holds over.

Offerings on the Screen

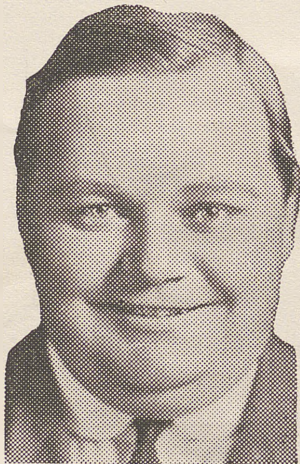
Billie Burke, whose successful second run in "Peggy" at the Majestic will close this week, has in this picture, which is her first photoplay appearance, done much to break down the tradition that a stage star is not a success on the screen. Not only does Miss Burke photograph better than the average motion picture actress but she instills in her pantomime

clumsy touches which oftentimes make burlesque of intended tragedy. Ince selected the incident of the queen's diamonds from Dumas' famous story, "The Three Musketeers," for his drama plot and gives us pictures even more vivid than those induced by the combination of youthful imagination and Dumas' genius.

To most people a Pullman porter is anything but funny. We are prone to accuse him of malice aforethought in making up our berths with the head the wrong way, or sticking his whisk-broom in our eye when he removes the dust. But a porter has troubles of his own and he displays them this week at Tally's where is shown a picture version of Rupert Hughes' laughable "Excuse Me." George Marion, despite the loss of his philosophic remarks, is really as mirth provoking as in the stage success which he helped to popularize.

"Inside the Lines" at Morosco

Probably, the most important event of the year at the Morosco Theater will be the production Sunday of the famous New York success, "Inside the Lines," with Carroll McComas in the leading role and the entire strength of the Morosco Stock Company in support. Both the play and the star are worthy of the greatest consideration by Los Angeles theater patrons. "Inside the Lines" enjoyed a solid year's run in New York, with Miss McComas and Lewis Stone in the leading roles, and Manager Morosco obtained it for production here especially for the first appearance of the popular Los Angeles girl as a local star. The play was written by Earl Derr Biggers, who wrote the story of "Seven Keys to Baldpate." It is a drama of adventure, romance and intrigue and uses the great European war as a background only. In New York critics called it the greatest war play since "Secret Service." Edmund Lowe will play the leading male role and every favorite of the Morosco company will be



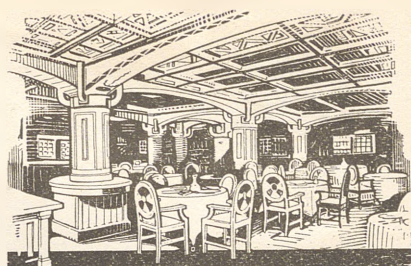
Roscoe Arbuckle at Burbank

numerous winning mannerisms that could only be developed through long acting experience. A second or third sight of this picture lends support to an early conviction that "Peggy" is the best picture Thomas Ince has as yet given us. There is a fine distinction in the characters that is a satisfaction and, equally, a promise of fine things to come, as the photoplay continues to have the benefit of the more and more improved art which Ince and other pro-



Carroll McComas at Morosco

Papers," written for him by Anita Loos and John Emerson, the latter acting also in the capacity of producer. It is a swift moving comedy woven around the attempts of a lively young American to please an exacting vegetarian father, and, incidentally, proving himself a hero and thereby capturing the heart of the fair object of his devotions. Beginning Monday the Majestic also will present another noted comedian, William Collier, in a Mack Sennett comedy entitled



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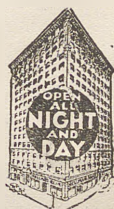
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"Better Late Than Never." It was
created under the direction of Mr. Sen-
nett, himself, and has many humorous
situations.

"Honor's Altar" at the Burbank

Another tri-star combination, embrac-
ing three players of national repute, will
be offered at the Burbank next week in
the Thomas H. Ince production "Hon-
or's Altar." Bessie Barriscale, Lewis
Stone and Walter Edwards are the three
stars in the absorbing film story of
martial discord and reconciliation which
is expected to create a nation-wide dis-
cussion of the thought behind it. The
play tells of the efforts of a self-made
captain of industry to rid himself of his
wife. Two Mack Sennett Keystone
comedies are also on the program for
next week at the Burbank. "The Great
Vacuum Robbery" features Charles Mur-
ray and Louise Fazenda and shows the
robbery of a bank by means of a vacuum
cleaner. The other Sennett picture shows
Roscoe Arbuckle, Raymond Hitchcock
and Flora Zabelle in "The Village Scan-
dal."

"Pudd'nhead Wilson" at Woodley's

It is doubtful if there is a notable
piece of writing in the English lan-
guage that is better adapted to the mak-
ing of a photoplay than Mark Twain's
"Pudd'nhead Wilson," in which Theo-

(Continued on Page 13.)

Social & Personal

NOTABLY attractive among the week's society affairs will be the dinner-dance given this evening by Mr. and Mrs. James H. Adams at their home in Chester Place in honor of their son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Morgan O. Adams. The event will mark the first wedding anniversary of the latter young couple and the guests will include their bridal party of sixteen with about twenty other of their friends. The decorations will be artistically carried out in the St. Valentine Day colors, as especially appropriate to the occasion. In the drawing room American Beauty roses will be used, while in the dining room the beautiful scarlet of My Lady roses will be augmented by an effective arrangement of bright red Valentine hearts and the glow of many red-colored candles. A special novelty feature will be the presence of a young silhouette artist, who will cut the silhouettes of the guests and mount them upon large heart-shaped cardboards. Following the dinner the guests will motor out to the Midwick Club where they will pass the remainder of the evening in dancing. At the dinner places will be arranged for thirty-six, including Mr. and Mrs. Morgan O. Adams, Mr. and Mrs. E. Avery McCarthy, Mr. and Mrs. J. T. McCarthy, Mr. and Mrs. Rufus Spalding, Mr. and Mrs. Sayre Macneil, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Overton, Mr. and Mrs. James Rathwell Page, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Laurence Doheny, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Walter Mercer Brunswick, Lieutenant and Mrs. William Robert Munroe, Mr. and Mrs. Erwin Widney, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Wright, Mr. and Mrs. Murray Vosburg, Mr. and Mrs. Stuart O'Melveny, Miss Eleanor Banning, Miss Katherine Banning, Miss Lillian Van Dyke, Mr. Donald O'Melveny, Mr. John Macfarland and Mr. Paul Hammond.

One of the enjoyable affairs of the week's calendar will be the pre-Valentine dinner-dance which will be given this evening at the Midwick Club. The hostesses of the evening will be Mrs. Robert A. Rowan and Mrs. John Barnes Miller, and assisting them, Mrs. Langdon Laws and Mrs. E. M. Fowler. A number of pleasurable dinner parties are planned for the occasion, later to be followed by the dancing.

Interesting among the events of February will be the marriage of Miss Edna Hauerwaas, daughter of Mrs. Lucy Hauerwaas of 2841 West Twenty-seventh street to Mr. Kurt Koebig, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Koebig of 2118 Hobart boulevard. Saturday evening, February 26 has been chosen by the young couple as the date for their wedding. The ceremony will take place at the home of the bride's mother and members of the immediate family with one or two of the most intimate friends will be present as witnesses. Miss Hauerwaas will have Mrs. Charles Benton as her matron of honor and Mr. Koebig's best man will be Mr. Frederick H. Rindge. Both Miss Hauerwaas and her fiancé are popular here and of families prominent in the social circles of the city. Miss Hauerwaas, since the announcement of her engagement a few months ago, has been the recipient of a delightful number of pre-nuptial courtesies, one of the most recent of which was a shower and luncheon given Saturday afternoon last by Mrs. Clinton F. Seecombe at her home, 309 South Hobart boulevard. Guests included members of the Sigma Tau Psi sorority with which the bride-elect is affiliated. Several other affairs are planned for the young couple in the fortnight before their wedding.

Artistically appointed and marked as one of the most attractive affairs of the season was the "at home" given by Mrs. Michael Francis Regan in honor of the Ruskin Art Club Tuesday. About one hundred and fifty guests were present, the affair being held at the beautiful home of the hostess. Assisting Mrs. Regan in receiving and entertaining were Mrs. Samuel Storrow, president of the Ruskin Art Club and others of the official board. A bevy of young women especially invited to assist included Mrs. Jotham Bixby, Jr., Mrs. C. C. Cottle, Mrs. Emory C. Brace, Miss Pansy Whitaker, Miss Lulu Ruble and Miss S. Margaret Doran. A delightful feature of the afternoon was the program of music presented by Mr. Henri La Bonte, with Mr. Archibald Sessions at the

piano. The program, consisting of a happy choice of gems, included: Massenet's Recit et Air "Je suis seul," Chanson de la fleur (Carmen), George Bizet; Romance, C. Debussy; Nell, G. Faure; D'un Prison, R. Hahn; Morning, Oley Speaks; Ah, Dear One, Clough-Leighter; The Unforeseen, Cyril Scott and The Hour-glass, H. Burleigh.

Welcome has been happily extended Dr. and Mrs. Jack Murrieta by a host of friends upon their recent return to Los Angeles to make their permanent home. Since their marriage a few years ago they have had their abode in Jerome, Arizona. At present they are guests at the home of Dr. Murrieta's parents, Dr. and Mrs. John Murrieta on Kenmore avenue, where they will remain until they build their own house here. Mrs. Jack Murrieta, before her marriage was Miss Mabel Gregory of San Francisco, the family having previously, however, lived in Los Angeles, where the daughters attended Marlborough School. Mrs. Murrieta's sister, now Mrs. Homer Boushey of Chicago, is also here just now, having come with her husband for a short visit. In honor of both Mrs. Jack Murrieta and Mrs. Boushey, Mrs. John Murrieta and Miss Murrieta entertained Wednesday with a small luncheon party at their home. Guests included Mrs. William H. Workman, Jr., Mrs. Robert P. McReynolds, Mrs. Jefferson Paul Chandler, Mrs. Sydney I. Wailes, Mrs. Charles Cotton and Mrs. Leo Chandler.

Mrs. Burton E. Green of 1601 Lexington Road has as her house guest for a few weeks, Mrs. Herbert Munn of New York City.

Coronado Beach is offering many novel social attractions this winter and drawing not only the wealthy and ultra-society folk of the east, but a large number of Los Angeles' prominent folk as well. Several special entertainments are planned for February. The Spanish Ball was followed this week by the Afternoon in Japan. The Tennis Tournament at the Coronado Country Club was also an interesting feature of the week's program while the Ragtime ball to be given this evening promises to provide a great deal of merriment both for on-lookers and participants. February 22 is set aside for the big Colonial ball, the third annual event of its kind enjoyed at the Hotel del Coronado, and one of the most brilliant of its yearly entertainments.

Although marked by informality, one of the most delightful affairs of recent date was the luncheon given Friday of last week by Mrs. M. A. H. Bostwick at her home on West Adams street. The affair, which was the second of a series of parties with which Mrs. Bostwick is entertaining this month, was planned as a courtesy to Mrs. Florence Collins Porter. The latter has only recently returned from San Diego where she has passed the last year. Mrs. Bostwick's guests included Mrs. Porter, Mrs. C. W. Giese, Mrs. C. C. Warner, Mrs. Wallace L. Hardison, Mrs. Spencer R. Thorpe and Mrs. Florence Blood.

Mrs. Robert Jones Burdette entertained a few friends informally at tea at her home "Sunnycrest," Pasadena, Thursday afternoon to meet Mrs. James W. Foley, wife of the popular western poet. Mr. and Mrs. Foley are Mrs. Burdette's house guests.

One of the most charming visitors in Los Angeles just now is Miss Marie Louise Bryant of San Francisco, who is the house guest of Mrs. John P. Jones of West Adams street. The latter is planning to entertain soon for Miss Bryant, who was one of the special guests at the dinner given at the Los Angeles Country Club Wednesday evening of last week.

In compliment to Miss Ione Hudson, whose marriage to Mr. Lawrence Baker will be an event of March 1, Miss Laura May Gysin entertained Saturday with a dainty bride tea at her home, 1638 Wilton Place. Miss Gysin is also to become a bride in the near future, her marriage to Mr. Shelley Emmett Keiser being scheduled for the first week in June. At the pre-nuptial affair given for her friend Saturday Miss Gysin used pink roses and fluffy tulle bows in the artistic decorations. Tiny bags of rice added a bridal touch to the table arrangement.



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SEVENTH AND GRAND

Guests included Miss Ione Hudson, Mrs. Guy Boynton, Miss Mildred Strong, Miss Virginia Dunham, Miss Dorothy Armstrong, Miss Willie McClelland, Miss Emily Warner, Miss Grace McCormick, Miss Ruth Kellogg, Miss Dorothy Jack-ins, Miss Ruth Keeler, Miss Elizabeth McGuire, Miss Agnes Roach, Miss Frances Whitesell, Miss Hazel Fowler, Miss Madeline Burton and Miss Marian Ryan.

Mrs. Morris Albee was hostess Sunday at an informal tea given at her home on Juliet street. The affair was in honor of the Misses Margaret and Helen Cromwell of Wheeling, West Virginia, who are passing the winter in Southern California.

Of interest to a large circle of friends both here and in Pasadena, was the marriage Saturday of Miss Luella Mae Forrester, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Forrester of 2245 West Eighth street, to Mr. George Pelton of Pasadena. The ceremony took place at the home of the bride's grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Forrester, 1121 Lake street, only the immediate relatives being in attendance. Rev. James A. Francis read the marriage service and following an informal wedding breakfast Mr. and Mrs. Pelton left for the east, where the former has been called on a business trip. They will remain in New York for three months, where they will be at home at the Biltmore. Upon their return they will make their home at 234 Belfontaine avenue, Pasadena.

Among the most delightfully feted of the visitors in the city are Mrs. M. F. LeRoy of Iowa, her two daughters and son, the Misses Dora and Alma LeRoy and Mr. Allen R. LeRoy. Numerous social courtesies have been extended these visitors, who are guests during their stay here of Mrs. LeRoy's brother-in-law and sister, Judge and Mrs. Stephen C. Hubbell, 1000 Arapahoe street. A merry round of affairs was given in their honor this week, the first being an attractively appointed luncheon given Monday by Mrs. W. J. Washburn at her home, 2200 Harvard boulevard, in compliment to Mrs. LeRoy. The affair was informal and other guests included a group of women who since 1888 have been associated in a club founded by Mrs. Hubbell. Places were arranged for eighteen. Wednesday afternoon Mrs. Boyle Workman of 305 South Normandie avenue was hostess at an enjoyable affair given for Mrs. LeRoy. Assisting Mrs. Workman were a number of friends including Mrs. Hubbell, Mrs. I. N. Van Nuys, Mrs. Walter Raymond, Mrs. Ella Brooks Solano, Mrs. William H. Workman, Mrs. W. L. Graves, Jr., Mrs. William P. Jeffries, Mrs. Earl Bruce Millar,

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Mrs. Walter Jarvis Barlow, Mrs. H. W. Watson, Mrs. Erwin Widney, and a coterie of charming young women, Miss Ruth Keller, Miss Gwendolyn Worthington, Miss Widney Watson, Miss Dorothy Lindley and Miss Eleanor Workman. That same evening Judge and Mrs. Hubbell entertained with a theater party in honor of their nephew, Mr. Allen R. LeRoy, guests including a number of the younger set. Thursday evening a second theater party was given in compliment to Mr. LeRoy, Miss Mollie Adelia Brown being the delightful hostess at the affair which a group of other friends enjoyed. Mrs. James W. Montgomery of Oxford boulevard and Twenty-first street added to the many pleasant affairs of the week entertaining Friday for Mrs. LeRoy with a daintily appointed luncheon arranged for ten. Guests were Mrs. LeRoy, Mrs. Hubbell, Mrs. Earl Bruce Miller, Mrs. I. N. Van Nuys, Mrs. A. L. Danskin, Mrs. E. P. Clark, Mrs. George W. King, Mrs. Adna R. Chaffee, Mrs. Charles Prager, and Mrs. J. Ross Clark. Sunday last Mrs. I. N. Van Nuys planned a most enjoyable affair for these Iowa visitors, motoring with a number of guests out to the Craggs Country Club, where a luncheon was served. Places were arranged for Mrs. LeRoy, Judge and Mrs. Stephen C. Hubbell, Mr. and Mrs. James Rathwell Page, Mrs. J. Benton Van Nuys, Mrs. Joseph K. Clark and the hostess.

One of the most attractive of recent weddings was that of Miss Irene Mercereau and Mr. Robert Wade Poindexter, which took place Saturday evening at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs.

John D. Mercereau, 449 North Madison avenue, Pasadena: Rev. Robert Freeman, pastor of the First Presbyterian church, officiated. Both Mr. Poindexter and his bride are popular in the younger set of Los Angeles and Pasadena, the groom being the son of Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Poindexter of this city. After a short honeymoon trip Mr. and Mrs. Poindexter will leave for Sheridan, Wyoming, where they will make their home.

Miss Florence Boggs, who has been visiting here as a guest of Mrs. A. C. Billicke and also of Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Goodwin left this week for her home in the north. While a visitor here Miss Boggs was the recipient of a number of delightful social courtesies.

Mrs. Robert Farquhar left Tuesday for the east. She plans to visit in New York for several weeks.

Announcement is made of the marriage of Miss Beulah Lorita Lovejoy, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. L. Lovejoy of 1302 North Hobard boulevard, Hollywood, to Mr. Clarence B. Osborne, son of Captain H. Z. Osborne. The marriage took place Friday of last week, Mr. and Mrs. Osborne leaving immediately afterward for a wedding trip which will include San Diego. The young bride is popular both in Los Angeles and Hollywood social circles. Mr. Osborne, who is a Stanford graduate, is geologist to the state highway commission and has numerous friends here, where he has lived for many years.

Hostesses for the bi-monthly dinner-dance to be given at the Los Angeles Country Club, Wednesday next, will be Mrs. Walter Jarvis Barlow, Mrs. Henry Carlton Lee and Mrs. Lucien N. Bruns- wig. Any number of brilliant parties are being planned for the occasion, one of the most charming being that given by Miss Dorothy Lindley in honor of Miss Eleanor Banning. Other guests will be Miss Louise Hunt, Miss Mary Hughes, Miss Rosemary Sartori, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Weeks Banks, Mr. Joseph Banning, Jr., Mr. Gonzalo Munoz, Mr. Frank Simpson, Jr., Mr. Donald Rankin and Mr. Minian Wolfe. Dr. and Mrs. Walter Lindley at a nearby table will entertain Mr. and Mrs. William Henry Howard and Dr. and Mrs. John R. Haynes. Another large party will be that given by Dr. and Mrs. Walter Jarvis Barlow, who will entertain two tables of twelve guests each. Enjoying their hospitality will be Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Francis Sartori, Mr. and Mrs. Hancock Banning, Mr. and Mrs. Boyle Workman, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene McLaughlin, Mr. and Mrs. E. Avery McCarthy, Col. and Mrs. William May Garland, Mr. and Mrs. Morgan O. Adams, Mr. and Mrs. G. A. H. Allen of Buffalo, New York; Mrs. Frederick H. Stevens, Miss Constance Byrne, Miss Theodora Robbins, Mr. Fenton of Buffalo, Mr. Gurney E. Newlin, Mr. Thomas Bruen Brown and Mr. T. J. Willis.

Former Judge and Mrs. Leon F. Moss were host and hostess Wednesday evening at a large dinner-dance given at the Los Angeles Country Club. The affair was attractively appointed and about one hundred guests enjoyed the event.

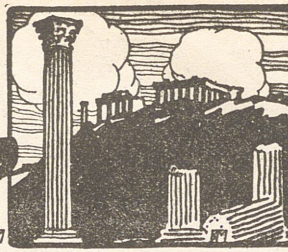
Felicitations are being extended Dr. and Mrs. Eldie Preston Wood of 737 South Berendo street upon the arrival of a little son last Sunday. Mrs. Wood will be remembered as Miss Pauline Vollmer, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Herman Frederick Vollmer of Garland avenue.

Mrs. Bri Kelley entertained informally at dinner recently at her home in Lankershim, bridge being enjoyed later in the evening. Among her guests were Mrs. Marie Reed, Mrs. Alexander Mitchell, Mr. Robert Law and Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd-Jones.

From Rome, Italy, comes interesting news to many friends in Los Angeles announcing the marriage there of Miss Elizabeth Ellis, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Charles Ellis to Mr. Francis Edward Cima, an Italian lawyer of distinction. In the message to Miss Katherine Ellis, sister of the bride, it was stated that the marriage had taken place in Rome, Italy, two days before Christmas. The letter containing the news was delayed in its transmission because of the war and was only received this week. The bride and her sister are socially popular here, their father having been the founder of the Ellis Club, named in his honor. Miss Ellis is living at 2618 Dalton avenue, but her sister who went abroad several years ago has been making her home in Italy, where she met Mr. Cima. Owing to the war conditions no wedding cards were issued. Mr. and Mrs. Cima will make their home at 66 Via Sicalia, Rome, Italy.



Art



Week of February 12 to February 19

Main Museum Gallery, Exposition Park—Arts and Crafts Exhibition; Print Makers; California Society of Etchers.

Print Room—California Society of Miniature Painters; Bookbinders' Exhibition; Old Wood Blocks.

Friday Morning Club—Joint Exhibition of Miss Luvena Buchanan and Edward Vsyikal, Portrait and Landscape.

Kanst Gallery—854 S. Hill. John M. Gamble Canvases; John Probst Canvases, Birge Harrison, John F. Carlson and others.

Raymond Gould Shop—324 West Fifth. Italian Objects d'Art.

O'Hara & Livermore—253 East Colorado, Pasadena—Art Gifts for all Occasions.

Huntington Hotel, Oak Knoll—Max Weiczorek, Portraits; Warren E. Rollins' Canvases.

Bentz Art Rooms—213 West Fourth. Old Chinese Porcelains.

By Mary M. Du Bois

If variety is the spice of life, there should be added zest given the enjoyment of the visitor at Exposition Park this coming month. The main gallery is full of variously beautiful things displayed on the walls and in the cases. They give vivid touches of color in this neutral setting, for to be a la mode is to be colorful and this applies to textiles and ceramics as well as house decoration and the latest in millinery. Whatever fad is yours, you should find something of interest here.

In viewing the abundance of good things provided in this gallery do not overlook the modest display of miniatures in the Print Room by the California Society of Miniature Painters. Miss Laura Mitchell has several here to her credit, delicate in their subtle coloring and rendering. She is particularly successful in expressing a child-like candor in "Cecily Beatrice."

Two attractive personalities are indicated in the larger miniatures "Lady of Crawford" and "Lucia," the work of Miss Ella Shepard Bush. The former is in the quaint head-dress of old English days and the latter is decoratively framed and treated with a touch of scarlet in her hair. Both display an alertness besides beauty and charm and delicacy of coloring. "My Mother" by the same artist fills well the requirements of a miniature. Soft grey tints in the flesh tones harmonize with the grey hair and expressive eyes. No. 6 has opal coloring and fine expressive face. Very charming, too, and a little more sketchy in treatment are two portraits in the little of Marjorie Vail and "Portrait" by Miss Marie Crow. The first shows a pose of unaffected grace and both express the winsomeness of childhood.

Miss Aurelia Reid shows an interesting "Red Haired Girl" in contemplative pose against a warm harmonizing background. "Mrs. McCord" by Miss Mable Packard is delightful in treatment and coloring. Miss Mary Olmstead's portrait of "Mrs. Taber" shows refinement in flesh tints with an additional interest of tonal values. All these miniatures are excellent in execution and color.

To return to the present exhibit in the Print Room. I would mention the silhouettes loaned by Miss Mitchell which were drawn in ink. No. 42 had the qualities of a sketch. Why could we not have a loan exhibit of these curious likenesses? No doubt many are stowed away in trunks and if brought to light and placed together would make an exhibit of unique interest. Great variety and quaint fashions went into the making of this old time art. Who knows what delightful surprises would be in store for us at an exhibition of this sort?

I notice in the recent exhibitions east the miniatures show a diversion from the usual treatment. An introduction of accessories and draperies much the same as a large canvas gives an opportunity for originality in composition and lovely color schemes. The surroundings were indicated with a table and perhaps a fascinating bit of bric-a-bac introduc-

ing a vital note. Filmy and lacy gowns lend an elegance always associated with miniatures. The Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts held an exhibit of these ivories a few years ago dating from the 17th century to the present time. It was interesting to see the development in this art within the last several years. The miniatures representing the best modern artists in the East were veritable poems in color. This treatment presents wonderful possibilities which the artists were not slow to use. Variety and novelty were added to an already exquisite art and in many movement and action were suggested.

Pottery, varied in form and color, is to be found in the Arts and Crafts exhibition. The famous potteries of the east have sent notable examples of their skill and our own home potteries are much in evidence. If one be a lover of Rookwood, Fulper pottery, Overbeck, Arequipa Newcomb, Rhead, Grand Feu or Bowl Shop pottery here he may find good specimens of his favorite ware. The schools, too, are showing what they can do in this particular branch of art and quite surprising and pleasing are the results. The Normal school, Los Angeles high school as well as Lincoln and Hollywood high schools have tiles and other bits of pottery to their credit.

Mr. Fred Robertson of Los Angeles has a most interesting case which affords a fascinating study of glazes. There is, first of all, a crystal glaze which reminds one of the window panes of New England on a frosty morning. Only here the magic flowers are colored and seem to be blooming in far-flung fields of yellow green. Here, too, is the more homely salt glaze, the familiar bright glaze, a brilliant luster, and a soft, restful glaze called Mat. Flambe is represented by four examples unusual and delightful in color. Here, too, is sturdy red clay beautiful in its simplicity or in the chaste ornamentation which has been handled with artistic restraint. This collection is remarkable for its diversity in shape, color and glaze.

Rhead pottery from Santa Barbara has a distinct individuality of its own. Bright glaze seems to predominate in the many black vases displayed. These depend on their form and color for beauty as they are absolutely without ornamentation. There is one lovely vase in dull finish with a conventionalized design in blue, gray, cream and black. Outlined against a full, round moon as he sits meditating on a leafless branch a wise old owl looks gravely out at us from the surface of a large square tile. Originality seems to mark this pottery from Santa Barbara.

John Probst, who has recently arrived from Europe and has taken a studio in Glendale, has a number of canvases in Kanst's Gallery on Hill street.

The exhibition of the California Society of Etchers now at the main museum gallery, Exposition Park, will remain until February 15, when the canvases of Guy Rose will take their place.

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Books

AN author who will explain for us the Italian situation, not very clearly understood or appreciated, is to be welcomed. This is excellently, even brilliantly, done by Robert Herrick, in "The World Decision," the record of personal observations made in Europe last year before and after Italy joined the Allies. Among other tit-bits, his account of the poet D'Annunzio's wonderful wizardry over the Roman populace makes choice reading.

Professor Herrick warmly combats the opinion that Italy treated the matter of joining this or that side in the war as a broker does, and finally threw in her lot with the cause that promised her most economically. And yet he concedes that his reasoning and conclusions are contrary to the premises of the economic polity that controls modern statecraft. "I know," he continues, "that our great nations, notably Germany, are based on exactly the opposite premise—that the strength of a state depends on the economic development of its people, on its wealth-producing power. Germany has been the most convinced, the most conscious, the most relentless exponent of the pernicious belief that the ultimate welfare of the state depends primarily on the wealth-getting power of its citizens. She has exalted an economic theory into a religion of nationality with mystical appeals—Professor Muensterberg's 'German over-soul,' a very dangerous idolatry of world ambition."

Professor Herrick considers that all modern states are more or less tainted with the same delusion—ourselves most, perhaps, after Germany—and that it is time to revise some of the fundamental assumptions of political philosophers and statesmen. He thinks that people may be strong and happy and contented without seeking to control increasingly those sources of wealth still undeveloped on the earth's surface, and without cutting one another's throats in an effort for national expansion. He denies that the psychology of states can be fundamentally different from that of the individuals in them; and, adds significantly, "The happiness of the individual has never been found to consist wholly, even largely, in his economic prosperity. Because the Latin soul divines this axiomatic belief, because the Latin world admits a larger, finer interpretation of life than economic success, all civilization waits upon the great decision of the war."

There is a certain touch of falsetto in his constant use of the term "Latin civilization," as if it were the final thing in the world's progress; and the author is not always just in his censures. Probably, this is a natural reaction from the abuse of the "thin" term "Anglo-Saxon" as connoting our civilization, seeing that we draw our word law, our prose rhythm, most of our vocabulary, our race ideal, King Arthur, our church polity and many other vital possessions, from Roman or Romance sources. The author deeply loves and appreciates the Italian character—as well as the French character—in its live humanitarianism, a quality which may be said, in his own words, "to co-ordinate their activities." He deplores the German lack of "imagination by which to understand the world outside themselves. They do not co-ordinate their activities. Otherwise, why commit the barbarism of sinking the Lusitania, just at the moment when they were straining to keep Italy from breaking completely the frayed bonds of the Triple Alliance?" Professor Herrick assures us that every observer with whom he talked agreed, "that Italy first woke to her own mind at the shock of the Lusitania murders." And, it may be added, if any single act could stand in the way of making a separate peace with Italy, the later enormity of the Ancona's sinking was admirably fitted to shut out any such possibility. Humanitarianism is the cement of civilization, and its traditions are Latin; the quaint name for the chair of Latin at the Scottish universities is the "Chair of Humanity." The Latin races today are not untrue to their great traditions; and this is the inspiring and illuminating theme of "The World Decision." The professor has wise closing words regarding peace. "Here in America we use the word peace

too loosely, as if it meant some absolute state of being which we had achieved through our innate wisdom rather than from the happy accident of our world position. What our pacifists desire is not so much peace as bloodlessness. . . . Peace comes not through evasion or compromise, either for the individual or for the state." ("The World Decision," By Robert Herrick. Houghton Mifflin Co. Bullock's.) J. M. D.

"Homo Sapiens"

If the mental vibrations of the Comstockians after reading, had not been sufficiently violent to topple "Homo Sapiens" from the library shelves in New York, it is likely that this greatest work of Stanislaw Przybyszewski, Poland's modern master of letters, would have merely taken its proper place with other great works of metaphysical fiction. The necessity for such a story is doubtful: that it is destined to serve any purpose save that of discussion, seems equally dubious. But it has evoked its columns of comment and criticism pro and con, from those who interpret it from their several viewpoints; for, after all, it is purely a matter of viewpoint.

That it is a masterpiece of artistry if not art, in story-telling cannot be questioned. To the student it is a feast in metaphysics; a psychological nightmare with no one at hand to turn the dreamer over; an analytical introspection into the soul of a genius—and drunken libertine. In his processes of mental evolution the author takes you up, down, through, and around every human and animal passion, and the motives thereof, traveling always in a circle and arriving nowhere. It is a study of Falk, a self-appointed superman whose brain is his God, who translates the intangibility of carnal impression into conscious thought; who justifies his lust, but fails to justify himself for so doing. It is wonderfully written, replete in epigram, forceful in paragraphic punch, and if read understandingly, a pre-eminent masterpiece of craftsmanship in its subtle travesty of the cult of Nietzsche and his school.

We conceal our mental and physical disabilities that they may not offend the sensibilities of those about us; we do not exhibit our cesspools; though necessary adjuncts to our daily life they are sequestered as far as possible from public evidence. Then why, for public reading, lay bare and dissect the innermost workings of a lustful mind—a so-called "soul"—even though it be the mind of a genius? Why elevate animal lust to the dignity of psychological analysis save in a psychological work?

"Homo Sapiens" is dull drab in color. Brilliant, yes, with the glitter of the cutting edge of hardened steel, and occasional forked flashes of lightning wit through the gray atmosphere of morbidity. But the brightness and sunshine of the beauty of thought are wholly lacking; no thread of embroidery softens the raw and uneven edge of the fabric, no gleam of light serves to emboss the figures from out the shadow—on, on, the dark tale goes with no dawn, of hope or hope of dawn. It is a fetid story wonderfully told; the story of a genius whose avocation is writing brilliant books, and whose vocation is the seduction of women through the power of his supermentality.

"Shall I take her to be my own? No—yes—no, yes" and so on, the "yes" always having a majority on the final ballot. Of the more than three hundred pages, two hundred are given over to Falk's terrific soul battles before and after each seduction, which incidents are portrayed, by the way, in a wealth of elaborate detail which leaves nothing to be desired of the imagination. ("Homo Sapiens," By Stanislaw Przybyszewski. Alfred A. Knopf.) [Note by the Editor: The book is no longer on sale.]

"The Fotygraft Album"

Seldom, probably, in families that possess them is the old photograph album of a previous generation brought forth from a musty corner of the bookcase that the sentimental reason which provoked this journey into the past is not forgotten in amusement over the features and dress of a less sophisticated America. Perhaps, it was to obviate any damage to the feelings of older

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members of a family or to provide a necessary heirloom for families which have not real pictures to show that Frank Wing produced "The Fotygraft Album," a book that in drawings and text provides a not too broad burlesque on the real volumes which are cherished while they are laughed at. In this particular case the book is supposed to be "shown to the new neighbor by Rebecca Sparks Peters, aged eleven" and Rebecca provides almost as much amusement as do the pictures. ("The Fotygraft Album." By Frank Wing. Reilly & Britton Co. Bullock's.)

"If Any Man Sin"

Several books of Western stories have been written by H. A. Cody, including "The Chief of the Ranges," "The Frontiersman" and others, interesting tales of ranch and forest life, books that have a good deal of snap to them. His latest story is called "If Any Man Sin." It deals with a clergyman in a town in eastern Canada, who has been deposed from his pastorate and who flees to the wilderness to escape humanity and the finger of scorn. Rutland is a queer sort of chap and if the author intended to present him as well balanced he misses a cog. The man is charged with a serious sin, but there is no hint of its nature; the reader is not allowed to judge for himself as to its extent. Rutland leaves parents, sweetheart and friends, and makes his way to a point where there were no whites and only rare communication with them. On his way he rescues a little girl from drowning and takes her to the spot where he builds his hut. Years pass and he rears her to the best of his ability, teaching her from books procured by the sale of furs he has obtained and sent out by the Indians. Then he discovers gold and gains a fortune. Others flock in and soon he is surrounded by a hoard of gold seekers. With them come a preacher and a nurse. The latter proves to be his old sweetheart, and the former falls in love with the girl. When the winter comes on, Rutland feeds the needy miners and in an errand of mercy is injured and taken to the hospital the miners have built. There he and the nurse are reconciled. In dealing with the more material things the author is at his best. It is when he attempts the psychological and the psychical analytical that he is less successful. One does not care for the mental recriminations, regrets and dissatisfactions of a fugitive preacher, especially, when one is not informed as to the nature of his alleged crime. Nevertheless, the story will make a good addition to the Sunday school library. ("If Any Man Sin," by H. A. Cody. Geo. H. Doran Co. Bullock's.)

"Lotta Embury's Career"

When Elia W. Peattie writes, either sketch or longer story, one is assured it is well worth reading—nothing sensational or trashy, but good, wholesome literature. "Lotta Embury's Career" is such; a fine story for girls. Most of us recollect certain young persons who evinced a little talent in the home village, either in singing, music or drawing, and immediately their friends flattered them into thinking they had great careers in art before them. Lotta is a lively, friendly, rosy-cheeked village lass, who is made to believe she has a musical career as a violinist, and is sent to Chicago to study with a great professor. But it develops that her career lies right at home in the Iowa village, attending the prosaic hardware store when her father's health fails, and her talent finds ample development in building up the run-down business and in making people happy generally. Mrs. Peattie's charming descriptions of homely village life and incidents will be read by young girls with interest and appreciation. ("Lotta Embury's Career." By Elia W. Peattie. Houghton Mifflin Co. Bullock's.)

Magazines for February

North American Review for February has an innovation for that magazine in the shape of a few illustrations. But they are pictures worthy of the distinction—a collection of the cartoons of Louis Raemaekers, the young Hollander whose work has excited such bitterness in Germany. Col. George Harvey, the editor, has a well-presented defense of Wilson's candidacy for a second term. Richard Olney, who was Cleveland's secretary of state, discusses "Our Latin-American Policy." Other contributions of the month are "The Proposal for a Tariff Commission" by F. W. Taussig; "The Administration's Military Policy" by Richard Stockton, Jr.; "Naval Defense" by Rear Admiral B. A. Fiske, U. S. N.; "The Problem at Suez" by Charles Johnston; "The Truth About Antwerp" by Demetrius C. Boulger; "The War and the Back-to-the-Land Movement" by E. G. Nourse; "Economics of Prohibition" by L. Ames Brown; "War and Human Nature" by Henry Rutgers Marshall; "The Plough" by Winfred Wilson Gibson; and "Stephen Phillips" by Edith Wyatt.

In an article entitled "Sea Power, and the War," in the February American Review of Reviews, Frank H. Simonds explains why he believes the British navy has already defeated Germany in the war, by preventing its early triumph and assuring its ultimate surrender. T. Lothrop Stoddard writes of "The Smouldering East." There are several articles on Latin-American interests and two discussing China. Lawrence J. Burpee has an article on "A Canadian-American High Court." The usual excerpts from leading magazine articles complete the contents of this month's magazine.

Notes from Bookland

Giving a modest but careful study of the physical characteristics and the agricultural, commercial and manufacturing productions of the twelve southern counties of this state, F. Rolfe, a Los Angeles man, has written the "Commercial Geography of Southern California," containing maps, illustrations and diagrams and numerous tables showing the resources and productions of the country. The figures given are derived mainly from official sources and every effort has been made to assure accuracy. Yet the showing of the as yet undeveloped water resources, of the unoccupied lands and of the agricultural opportunities, based upon the most conservative estimates, is surprising, even to those who best know the possibilities of this region.

Norman Angell, whose last book, "The World's Highway," deals most searchingly and suggestively with the problem which America is now facing in her negotiations with the Teutonic powers over the sinking of passenger vessels, has just left for Central and South America in order to recover from the aftermath of grippe. Mr. Angell, who has written a good deal on Latin-American revolutions and the character of Latin-American government, will be able to compare conditions as they exist in those states now and when he last visited them nearly twenty years ago.

Herbert Adams Gibbons, author of "Paris Reborn" and "The New Map of Europe," is at present in the Balkans making a study of the Salonika situation at first hand. He has arranged to visit Egypt within the next few weeks.

Twenty-nine authors supplied the thirty new best selling novels of 1915, according to booksellers' reports made to the Bookman. Of these only five were English writers, William J. Locke, Jeffery Farnol, Conan Doyle, E. Phillips Oppenheim and Gilbert Parker.

In the World of Amateur Sports

POLO, the hardest hit of all amateur sports by the heavy January rains, is coming back into its own. Practice games have been resumed at Midwick, Riverside and Coronado and the players are busy conditioning themselves for the tournaments which are to be held at the two latter places next month. Coronado's tournament dates are fixed at March 1 to 20, unless a change is necessitated by poor transportation facilities. Riverside has been forced to postpone its tournament but has fixed tentative dates as March 23 to 30, subject to the decision of the National Polo Association, which had previously allotted those dates to the San Mateo Club. It is believed San Mateo will consent to set its tournament ahead a week.

Midwick has practically decided to hold no tournament this year, but will have teams entered at Coronado and Riverside. Practice games were resumed at the country club last Saturday, two have been played this week, Tuesday and Thursday, and another is scheduled for this afternoon, when the Los Angeles and Pasadena members will play off their long standing tie. It is expected that the three games a week schedule will be maintained until time for the poloists to leave for Coronado. The San Mateo four and the Hawaiians will be missing from southern meetings this year, but at Coronado there will be the two teams of that club, Midwick, Riverside and possibly Santa Barbara to compete and the same fours also will go to Riverside, with the possibility that an army team may participate in the tournament there.

Del Monte has resumed polo, after several years of neglect of the sport there. The presence of a number of polo players among the army officers at the Monterey presidio is proving a boon to the game there. The northern men who are making up the Del Monte team are Harry Hastings, R. Shivalo, Will S. Tevis and George Parsons.

Fine Week-end Golf at Country Club

Fine weather resulted in fine golf last week-end, with the result that the country clubs entertained the largest crowds of the winter season. In addition to the usual Saturday sweepstakes at the Los Angeles Country Club, all the third-round matches in the midwinter handicap tournament were complete and two of the fourth round played. W. B. Walton was the winner in the club Class A sweepstakes last Saturday, 1 down 2-1 up. Charley Van Loan proved story-writing is not his only accomplishment by winning in Class B, 14 down, 12-8 down. At Midwick match play against par was the program. Bruce Bundy won in Class A, including players with handicaps to 12. He had an even score. In Class B, J. K. Urmston won, 5 up. W. L. Stewart won the ball sweepstakes at San Gabriel, 85-12-73. Even more golfers were out Sunday than Saturday, although there were no scheduled match events.

Winter Tournament at Long Beach

Virginia Country Club is the mecca of golfers today and its program of special entertainment is to continue tomorrow should fair weather smile upon Long Beach. Today, the club is holding its annual winter invitation tournament. Thirty-six hole medal play is the schedule. Six prizes have been offered; for the best gross score and best net score for thirty-six holes, best gross, best net in morning play of eighteen holes, best gross and best net in afternoon play of eighteen holes. Contestants are limited to one prize. Tomorrow there will be thirty-six hole match play with handicap allowances, best ball against par, to be played in foursomes, with a prize for the winning pair. W. W. Campbell is chairman of the greens committee arranging for the affair.

Del Monte's Fine Program

Del Monte is to hold its eighth annual midwinter golf tournament February 19 to 22, inclusive. Many prizes have been hung up, for winners in all flights and for all special events. Entries are to be received until the evening before the tournament opens and the following schedule has been arranged:

Saturday, Feb. 19 a. m.—Qualifying rounds for men over 18 holes. Prizes for best scratch and handicap scores. 16 to qualify in each flight. Afternoon: Qualifying round for women. Prizes for best scratch and handicap scores. Eight to qualify for each flight. Special event for men: Best score for 6 holes, second, third, fifth, tenth, thirteenth, seventeenth.

Those handicapped at 9 strokes or more against par to receive a stroke on second, fifth and tenth holes.

Sunday, Feb. 20 a. m.—First match play round. Men's competition over 18 holes. Afternoon: First round women's competition over 18 holes. Second round men's competition.

Monday, Feb. 21 a. m.—Third round men's competition. Second round women's competition. Afternoon: Two ball foursome for men at medal play. Partners being automatically arranged by qualifying round. First and last and so on.

Tuesday, Feb. 22.—Finals for men's competitions for all flights over 36 holes. Finals for women's competitions over 18 holes. Special event for women.

Upset for McLoughlin-Bundy

Maurice McLoughlin's first appearance as a Los Angeleno upon a local tennis court, last Saturday, was rather disappointing in that he and his famous partner, Tom Bundy, failed to show form enough to defeat George Church and Winnie Mace, a good doubles team but one hardly ranking with the three times national champions. Despite individual brilliancy, McLoughlin and Bundy showed a regrettable lack of team work, but as the match was purely in the nature of a practice, exhibition affair, they may not have extended themselves. The match was played on the fine Midwick Country Club courts and resulted in a score of 10-8, 3-6, 6-4. Church is a former Princeton star who is this winter making his first appearances in Southern California. Mace, of course, has long been known on local courts, but he is a former partner of Church and the two form a satisfactory doubles team, their defensive work being particularly strong.

Good Tennis at Coronado

Coronado is holding its annual midwinter tennis tournament this week, with a large number of Los Angeles players in attendance, in addition to many easterners who are enjoying the winter at San Diego and Coronado. G. M. Church, the former Princeton expert, and Simpson M. Sinsabaugh, the local tennis veteran, were the bright particular stars in the early rounds. Upton Sinclair, the novelist, is another player about whom much interest has centered. He lost to Church in the second round, but displayed unexpected skill in the court game. Miss Florence Sutton is the only representative of her famous family. With Nat Browne as her partner in the mixed doubles she had little difficulty going through the first rounds of play.

Good Fishing Sport Off Catalina

Sardines are more abundant at Catalina Island this year than ever before, therefore a fine fishing season is assured, according to word which comes from Avalon. Lest exchanges in less favored regions seize upon this statement as foundation for announcements that Southern Californians fish for sardines as a sport, one hastens to explain that an abundance of sardines means, likewise, an abundance of game fish. Avalon launchmen claim to have seen larger numbers of big fish this week than they can remember in previous seasons. A large school of bluefin tuna was reported the other day, off Church Rock. The fish were of an unusually large size and were churning the water to a froth in their mad rush at a school of sardines. White fish have been plentiful all winter, as have albicore, and mackerel are now making their appearance in large schools. No better rod and reel game fish is known, for regular sport, than the mackerel and the salt water Isaac Waltons are finding much enjoyment in their appearance so early this year.

Mr. and Mrs. William G. Hutchinson of 694 New Hampshire avenue have returned from an enjoyable eastern trip of four months. They will make their home at Hotel Darby until after April 1.

As a part of the busy round of society affairs just now are a number of delightful courtesies being extended Mr. and Mrs. O. J. Salisbury of Salt Lake City. Mrs. Salisbury was formerly Miss Marion McGilvray of Pasadena. While visiting here Mr. and Mrs. Salisbury have been dividing their time between the latter's mother, Mrs. W. D. McGilvray of Pasadena, and the Bryson apartments in this city, where Mr. Salisbury's mother is staying. Several other charming affairs are planning in their honor in the near future.

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Plays and Players (Continued from Page 9.)

dore Roberts has been starred and which is to be put on at the Woodley Theater next week. It is, in the book form, a character study set in an amazing dramatic plot. Not only has the Lasky Company, which produced the picture, succeeded in emphasizing the dramatic situations, but Mr. Roberts has given a flesh and blood characterization of "Pudd'nhead Wilson" which cannot be other than a delight to those who admired that diverting person in Mark Twain's story, as well as winning him new admirers from the thousands of picture lovers who will see the photoplay at Woodley's.

"Madame X" at Tally's

With Dorothy Donnelly, the star of the original stage production, in the leading role, a tensely dramatic photoplay has been made out of Henry W. Savage's notable success, "Madame X," which is to be the feature play at Tally's Broadway Theatre next week. Miss Donnelly has adapted herself admirably to the unusual and exacting requirements of the motion picture camera; her work is convincing and shows deep study and sympathy. An unusually attractive musical program has been prepared to accompany "Madame X."

"The Fool's Revenge" at Miller's

That stage classic, "The Fool's Revenge," which served as a starring vehicle for such famous actors as Booth, Barrett, McCullough and, later, Henry Irving, is the William Fox photoplay production which will be shown at Miller's Theater next week, opening Monday. There are no dull moments in the film version and William H. Tooker's characterization of Anson, the clown, would be a credit to any of the renowned actors who have had the role. The clown's struggle for wealth, his heroism and his effort to revenge himself upon his bitterest enemy are all well brought out. Mr. Tooker is ably supported by Maude Gilbert, Richard Neal, Warner Oland, Kittens Reichart, the beautiful child actress, and Ruth Findlay. The latest Hearst-Vitagraph News and the comical Joy and Gloom cartoons will be added features.

Morning Musicals at the Alexandria

Under the direction of Mr. Henri La Bonte, the well known tenor, a series of morning musicals are planned for the near future. The first of the series will be given in the ballroom of the Alexandria, Tuesday morning, February 15. The soloists for the event will be Mr. Jaime Overton, violinist, and Constance Balfour. The succeeding musical of the group will be given March 7. Patronesses will include Mrs. Howard E. Huntington, Mrs. Randolph Huntington Miner, Mrs. Hancock Banning, Mrs. Erasmus Wilson, Mrs. Ella Brooks Solano, Mrs. Rufus Spalding, Mrs. William A. Brackenridge, Mrs. W. Frederick Stevens, Mrs. Dean Mason, Mrs. John Percival Jones, Mrs. Lucien Napoleon Brunswig, Mrs. George J. Denis, Mrs. Samuel Storrow, Mrs. C. Quinlan Stanton, Mrs. H. W. R. Strong, Mrs. Kate Slauson Vosburg, Mrs. Rea Smith, Mrs. Robert A. Rowan, Mrs. John S. Cravens, Mrs. Harry Gray, Mrs. Frederick W. Braun, Mrs. William Howe Kennedy, Mrs. James Henry Ballagh, Mrs. Edward Rankin Brainard, Mrs. Charles Sumner Kent, Mrs. Jotham Bixby, Jr., and Miss Victoria Witmer.

Mrs. Alice Moore McComas was hostess recently at a luncheon at the Alexandria in compliment to Miss Claude Albright, prima donna contralto. Other guests were Mrs. Robert Wankowski, Mrs. M. H. Robinson, Mrs. C. P. Gray of New York City, Mrs. Norman O. Robinson and Miss Carroll McComas, the latter being well known in the dramatic world.



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Mrs. Wiliam Wilshire of San Francisco who has been visiting here for several weeks as the house guest of her daughter, Mrs. Harold Plummer, will leave today for her home in the north. While a visitor here Mrs. Wilshire has been the recipient of many informal and pleasant courtesies.

Stocks & Bonds

FOLLOWING the lead of the New York curb market, the Los Angeles stock exchange has manifested unusual interest in Southern California Edison Company this week. Frequent bids of \$101 for preferred and \$91 for common have failed to uncover any great selling element. The sudden demand for the Edison issues is something of a mystery and directly contrary to expectations that danger of possible municipal condemnation of part of the system would have a bearish effect. The largest market for Southern California Edison is in New York and local quotations have simply reflected the tip apparently contained in trading there.

Union Oil slumped a point or two upon announcement that all negotiations looking toward the merger of that company with Mexican petroleum and Associated Oil were off. The option which the Stewart interests gave to Mark L. Regua has been cancelled, although it had until February 15 to run. Opposition by Andrew Weir, a large minority stockholder of Union, to its merger in the new Pan-American Petroleum and Transport Company is believed primarily responsible for the option cancellation. However, the weakening of the stock on the local exchange was not great and the stock is now selling at better than \$69.

Aside from the Southern California Edison and Union flurries, which did not result in particularly heavy trading, it has been a dull week on the exchange, with the bulk of the actual selling confined to the Oatman mining issues. Boundary Cone, a new Oatman stock, has had quite a run, an average of more than 10,000 shares changing hands daily. Wednesday 12,000 shares were sold, at figures between 36 $\frac{1}{4}$ and 37 $\frac{1}{4}$ cents. Big Jim has been firm at about \$1.14 and Tom Reed has held its quotations close to \$1.50. Practically, unchanged quotations also prevailed on Fessenden, Ivanhoe and Gold Range. Three Oatman companies, Dome, Yankee and Merritt, have been consolidated into a new concern under the name United Oatman Mining and Milling Co., with a capitalization of \$2,000,000. The new stock has not yet been listed locally.

Los Angeles Investment has enjoyed a rising market. At present the stock is strong at 80 cents. Better real estate conditions in the city are making themselves felt in the increased demand for this long neglected stock. Home Telephone has moved up to \$66.50, with a strong demand apparent. Home Telephone Common is firm at \$22. There has been little interest in bank stocks and practically the only change in the bond list is in Union Oil 5's, which have been transferred off-board at a quotation of 89 $\frac{3}{4}$.

Stock and Bond Briefs

Jacob M. Dickinson, receiver for the Rock Island, has made public announcement that the road is now earning at the rate of 10 per cent per annum on its outstanding stock. The figures were a great surprise to speculators who had been predicting foreclosure and a stock assessment for the Rock Island.

Studebaker Corporation has declared a quarterly dividend of 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent and an extra dividend of 1 per cent on common stock and a quarterly dividend of 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ per cent on preferred stock, all payable March 1 to holders of record February 19.

Improved business conditions in South America are reflected in the purchase by Chile of \$1,000,000 of that country's bonds in London for the national sinking fund.

Illinois Central railroad has declared the usual semi-annual dividend of 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent, payable March 1. The books closed February 7.

Banks and Bankers

Paul M. Warburg, member of the federal reserve board, is one of the first economic experts of the highest rank to express the unqualified opinion that peace will not necessarily spell serious industrial reaction in the United States.

His views, it is reported in New York, are shared by such prominent business men as Theodore N. Vail, president of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, who is known to hold with Warburg's confidence in the continuation of trade activity after the European war is over.

France has arranged a new credit loan of \$15,000,000 in this country through William P. Bonbright & Co., Inc., of New York, which took the first French allotment of \$15,000,000 last November. The new credit is to run for one year and will cost the borrower 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Acceptances will be drawn by the borrowers of France and accepted by banking institutions on this side who have participated in the handling of the loan.

In Wall Street just now it is the money lenders who are on the anxious seat. Six months' loans on mixed collateral are around 3 per cent and the supply is far in excess of the demand. Many money brokers, who are also on the stock exchange, report that numerous clients have given orders for the purchase of stocks to find employment for idle funds.

GENERAL INSURANCE NEWS

IN order that the pleasing effect of its former Olive street lawn may not be lost around the enlarged home office building, and, also, to provide room for possible future additions, the Pacific Mutual Life Insurance Company has purchased the old Virginia hotel, located on a lot 60 by 160 feet in size on Olive street, directly in the rear of the company's property. As soon as the large addition to the office building is completed the company will raze the old hotel building and beautify the grounds in keeping with the landscape gardening on the Sixth street side of its property. The Pacific Mutual paid \$150,000 cash for the hotel property, purchasing it from the J. H. Spire estate. It was bought by Mr. Spire twelve years ago for \$25,000.

Because the volume of business it has been writing lately in California is not deemed sufficient to warrant the expenses involved, the Aachen & Munich Fire Insurance Company has announced its intention of retiring from the state when its present license expires, June 30. The company has operated in California since 1886. It intends to continue its business in other Pacific coast states.

Forbes Lindsay of the Pacific Mutual Life, who is conducting a course on insurance in the department of economics at the University of Southern California, has been instrumental in having his company provide an unusual equipment of books on that subject for the university library. A recent gift of fifty volumes has been made by the Pacific Mutual to the University, covering all the phases of the subject.

Warning for prospective investors in newly organizing life insurance companies is furnished by the fact that eleven of those formed in the last ten years in this country retired from business in 1915. The total capital contributed to these eleven companies was \$1,634,275, in addition to \$1,135,146 in surplus also collected from stockholders. All this surplus and about \$250,000 of the capital has been used up, according to estimates of insurance experts. The eleven companies which retired last year averaged four years of active life. Heavy organization expenses in conjunction with heavy management and field expenses after organization are blamed for the failure to succeed.

With a two-color map, showing the inspected and first fire district of a portion of the city, the 1915 annual report of the Fire Underwriters' Inspection Bureau of Los Angeles has been issued. It summarizes the work of the bureau in regard to inspections, fire prevention reports and other interesting features of the work.

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Notes From Bookland

Do Americans read too many novels in proportion to other books? A recent editorial in the Springfield Republican entitled "Biography for Pleasure" suggests they do, but finds comfort in the remarkable sale of Thayer's recently published "Life and Letters of John Hay." Certainly, the fact that a two volume five dollar biography should sell to the extent of 14,000 copies in two months, as the Hay has done, shows that the demand for serious books has never been greater. But it also shows that in addition to its value as an historical document, Mr. Thayer's book has the same qualities of human interest and graphic character drawing that make the "best sellers" in fiction.

Professor Ferdinand Schevill of the University of Chicago, thus defines German "Kultur" in his recent book, "The Making of Modern Germany," published by A. C. McClurg and Co.: "Kultur means the national progress, and when the Germans declare that in this war they are defending their Kultur they are affirming nothing more or less than that they are dedicated heart and soul to the peculiar collectivist form of progress and civilization which their past has evolved."

Daniel Chauncey Brewer, author of "Rights and Duties of Neutrals," just published by Putnams, is a member of the American Bar Association—(also Massachusetts and Suffolk bars), and of the American Society of International Law. He is the author of occasional articles on the law of nations and has since 1908 held the position of president of the North American Civic League for Immigrants.

NEWS OF THE WEEK

Los Angeles

Public Service Commission declines to lower city water rate.
New Franklin High School in Highland Park opened for use.
Supervisors vote \$50,000 for road repairs.

California

First registration figures give Republicans big lead over Democrats and Progressives.
Southern Pacific buys Imperial Valley Irrigation system.
Erection of \$500,000 worth of new buildings at state university begun.

United States

State department indicates Lusitania case settlement has been reached.
Another note sent to Austria in submarine cases.
Debate in Senate over confirmation of Louis D. Brandeis as justice of supreme court.
Justice Hughes refuses to allow use of his name as presidential candidate.

Foreign

Rumors that British ships have sunk German sea-raider near Bermuda islands not confirmed.
Faction in Mexico proposes nullification of oil grants given foreign corporations.
Little progress made by troops of any of belligerents.
German aerial raids on England.

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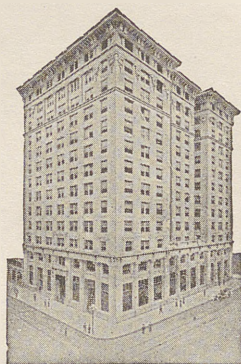
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W. A. BONYNGE, President.
MALCOLME CROWE, Cashier.
Capital, \$300,000; Surplus and
Undivided Profits, \$180,000.00.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK
S. W. Cor. Seventh and Spring

J. M. ELLIOTT, President.
W. T. S. HAMMOND, Cashier.
Capital, \$1,500,000; Surplus and
Profits, \$2,502,664; Deposits
\$20,000,000.

ORANGE EMPIRE TROLLEY TRIP

THROUGH THE "KINGDOM OF THE ORANGE"

\$3.50 PAYS ALL
TRANSPORTATION
EXPENSE

Including All Side Trips

— and —

RESERVED SEAT

Los Angeles to
San Bernardino
Riverside
Redlands

And All Their Scenes
of Beauty

Tours of Mission Inn, Sherman Indian School and
World-Famed Magnolia Avenue

Drive over beautiful Smiley Heights with magnificent view of
San Timoteo Valley and the Majestic San Bernardino Mountains

Purchase Tickets and make reservations at Information Bureau, Main Floor P. E. Building, Los Angeles
or PACIFIC ELECTRIC STATION, PASADENA GET ONE OF THE NEW FOLDERS

PACIFIC ELECTRIC RAILWAY

"Safety First"

Don't recklessly
drive your auto or
vehicle on the wrong
side of the street.
You may meet a
street car coming in
the opposite direc-
tion and see it too
late to avoid a col-
lision.

Los Angeles Railway



Going
East?

We shall be glad to
have you see our new
offices, where smiling
ticket men will tell you
about the excellent
three day service to
Chicago of the Los An-
geles Limited and Pa-
cific Limited trains. You
will enjoy a journey in
either over the scenic

**SALT LAKE ROUTE
and UNION PACIFIC**

New Offices in the
Alexandria Hotel, 5th & Spring

Polytechnic Elementary School

Kindergarten and Grades, First to Eighth, inclusive.

SPECIAL WORK IN

MANUAL TRAINING, DOMESTIC SCIENCE

FRENCH, GERMAN AND ART

Corner of Catalina and California Sts.

PASADENA

Hotel Del Monte Del Monte, Cal.

CALIFORNIA'S PREMIER RESORT

Open year round. Attractive Fall rates now in effect. Finest 18-Hole Golf Course
in the West (6300 yards). Turf Greens, Turf Fairways.

California Championships Held Annually on Del Monte Course

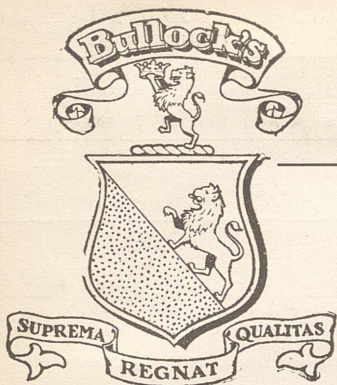
Forty miles of private auto roads, through medieval forests of pine and cypress,
including famous 17-mile drive; 126 acres of finest gardens and parks in the world.

Swimming Tennis Fishing Shooting Polo Golf Horseback Riding
Exclusive Art Gallery

Special rates to those remaining for an extended visit.

For literature and further information address

CARLOS S. STANLEY, Manager.



The One-of-a-Kind Suits

Now at Bullock's

—Dozens of them—each one distinctive, individual, luxurious.

—The fashions show a fine trend—a real advance in tailoring.

—Not Far-Fetched or Freakish, yet decidedly Individual—original and above all becoming—whether at \$49.50 or at \$185.00 or at any of the prices between.

—At \$49.50—for example—are the new "Sports" models—and the models for Dress and Semi-Dress wear—in the new shades of Jacqué rose, coral, gold, pastel blue, white—suits of velour and the smart Jersey knits as well as those of gabardine. Delightfully designed—many brilliant with contrasting trimmings—Leather, of course, and beautiful buttons are dominant.

—Then there are Suits at \$55—and the Jersey Silk suits at \$65—and the other Suits that are "Art" at \$75—\$85 and more, right up to those at \$185—One-of-a-kind—the Suits that women love and that women are buying—and will buy.—The Suits that are to surprise and delight and win friends—and mark the added "step-up" that Bullock's has taken as a style store this springtime.

—They express the rounding out of a great business that is building and growing to be better as well as bigger, a stronger institution in the interests of its customers—

—The \$25 Suits have not been forgotten—rather, the opposite—

—The \$25 Suits—upon which Bullock's has concentrated with such increasing result from season to season—are present in full force—and you are to like them very much indeed—if \$25 suits are the suits that are for you. Material—style—tailoring—all planned to meet the high standard of service and satisfaction that has been set them to meet—springtime fashions that are worthy.

At Bullock's—Third Floor.

—*"Wonders—perfect wonders! Just look at those blouses—whoever would have dreamed them possible—for as little as \$1.95!"* So exclaimed one woman, and was overheard, concerning

Bullock's Spring Blouses

—And a display of those to be sold at the price of \$1.95.

—And there are other Blouses at other prices that are equally as astonishing—the result of concentration—Yes, and of inspiration, and of determination—

—And every woman who has blouses in mind (what woman hasn't?) should make it a big point to come to Bullock's for blouses.

—Just to illustrate—(in this season of Sports Models) there is a semi-tailored blouse at \$1.95, made in nine different fabrics. A plain blouse style with 2-in-1 collar.

—And White Corduroy Blouses at \$1.95—with lay-down collars and cuffs faced with blue, rose or yellow; white pearl buttons down front.

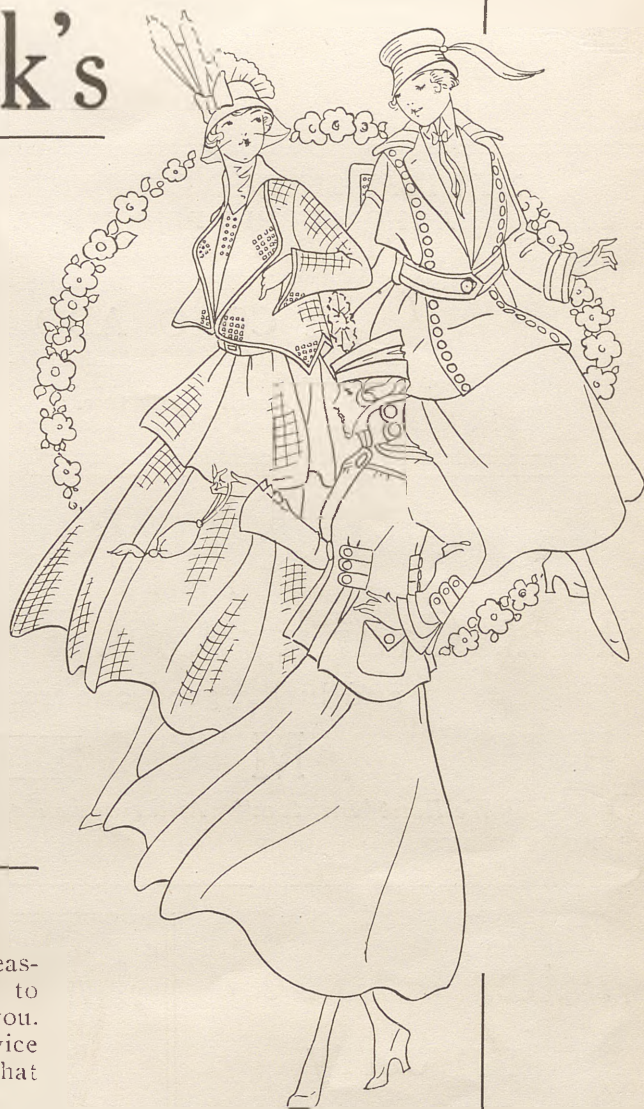
—And Linen Blouses at \$2.50—with 2-in-1 collars faced with pique—cuffs and pocket, too, are finished with pique. Other models in linen blouses at \$2.50 have detachable collars that call for Ascot ties. Clusters of wide and narrow tucks. One broad tuck on each shoulder. Especially desirable for riding.

—Then there are Low Neck Blouses of Handkerchief Linen at \$3.50—the lay-down collars, scalloped and hemstitched—black bow ties and buckles—large pearl buttons down front—deep cuffs.

—And many other models at each of the prices mentioned—and at higher prices—as well as blouses of voile and marquisette in perfectly exquisite styles at \$1.95 and more—

—"Bullock's is ready for Spring."

—3d Floor.



Bullock's
Los Angeles